# A PORTUGER PAREOR

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#### TO MY SWEETHEART.

BY ERNEST ST. JOHN,

I shall see you, little one,

To-morrow night; I shall kiss you, little one, To-morrow night;
I shall hold your hand in mine, I shall press your cheek to mine, I shall clasp you all the time To-morrow night!

Do you long for, little one, To-morrow night? Here's a song for little one To-morrow night.

Ah! I love the Evening Star
In her diamond-studded car, But I'll love you greater far, To-morrow night!

I will sing it, little one, To-morrow night;
I will bring it, little one,
To-morrow night:
I will lay it in your hand— Oh, the fairest in the land— Do you think you understand, To-morrow night?

Ah! you're laughing at my rhyme!
And you're right:
But you'll surely change your mind
To-morrow night:
I shall stop your moath with kisses;
I shall reap a crop of blisses;
I shall be the great Ulysses,
To-morrow night!

Well, good-night and pleasant dreams,
Slumbers light;
May the world be what it seems
To morrow night.
I'll be solemn while I pray. God be with you, Sweet, alway, May our severed night be day, To-morrow night!

## The Ace of Spades:

IOLA, THE STREET SWEEPER.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW THE "MARQUIS" LOVED ESSIE TROY. THE closet in which the old man lay was quite a large one, and was used by Mr. Tremaine as a receptacle for all his papers.

"He was evidently in here when we entered the room," said Tremaine, "and not wishing to disturb us, remained an involun-

tary listener. The close air of the closet probably caused him to faint."

It was plain that Tremaine had guessed the truth, for the gas was burning in the

closet, and the old man held, tightly clutched in his hand, a bundle of leases. Do you think that he can have overheard

what we have been saying?" asked Oswald.
"It is probable," answered Tremaine;
"but I do not fear his mentioning it. He is not a gossip. Then the two carried the old man out into

the library and placed him in a chair. All efforts to revive the secretary were fruitless. But that they could feel that his heart still beat slowly, they would have thought him

Tremaine summoned the servants, the old man was removed to his room, undressed and put to bed, and a messenger dispatched

Doctor Dornton came in haste, and after examining the old man announced that he was laboring under a serious attack of brain fever. Before the arrival of the doctor the old man had recovered his speech, but not his senses; his words were wild and disor-The doctor, listening attentively, could only catch one single sentence that seemed to have meaning in it; and that sentence the sick man muttered over and over

'Ace-black-all black-a spade to dig her grave!' Such were the disjointed words of the old

The doctor scratched the side of his nose reflectively, a sign in him of deep thought.
"If he were a young man, I should say that he had been gambling; but, no, that isn't possible. There's a woman mixed up in it someway; nothing wonderful in that though; women are mixed up in everything in this world. 'Ace,' and 'a spade to dig Well, it's a mystery." And

the doctor returned to the library What is the matter with him, doctor?" asked Tremaine.

"A brain fever." Father and son looked at each other in

He must have received some great shock, either physical or mental," continued the doctor. "Has any accident happened to him ?"

'No; he was in the closet yonder when Oswald and I entered the room, and apparently not wishing to disturb us, kept silent, for we had no idea of his presence until he swooned and fell from his chair to the floor. I supposed that the closeness of the air of the closet caused his faintness."

"It's a most astonishing case. Never, in the whole course of my medical experience, have I known of a case of brain fever produced by a simple fainting-fit caused by bad air. Could he overhear your conversation in the closet?

Yes, I think so," replied Tremaine. "Did you touch upon any matters likely to interest him in the least?"

The doctor looked puzzled.
"Well, I confess I can not understand it. If, as it appears, he has received no accident

here's a man goes into a raging brain fever—clean out of his head, apparently as mad as a march hare—simply because he happens to be shut up in a closet for a few minutes Then again this very same man has the frame and sinews of a Hercules and an arm the sort of a man, at all, to be affected by any common accident. I feel quite an interest in his case." And with these words the doctor departed.

Tremaine and his son, thrilled to the heart by the affliction that had fallen so heavily upon them, felt but little interest in the words of the doctor, or in the cause of the secretary's illness, and the subject was in-

sie had recovered from her swoon, undressed, gone to bed and wept herself to

ever fallen upon the young girl, and amid her tears she asked the question of herself if any other had ever been thus afflicted And fully satisfied that death alone could relieve her misery she sobbed herself to sleep. In sleep she forgot her sorrows.

Ah, Essie! time is one great slumber in which we forget all things. Time cures the deepest sorrow, heals the most terrible wounds. In years we find forgetfulness; it is the lethe of the fable in which we drown

see his patient, pronounced his case to be very dangerous and declared that the chances were against his recovering.

About ten in the morning Tremaine was somewhat astonished at receiving a message that a gentleman desired to see him in person

on particular business.
"What sort of a looking person is it?"

'A young man, quite a gentleman, sir," the servant answered.

the servant.

Some genteel sharper, I suppose," said Tremaine. "John, tell this person to write his business. I am not in the habit of grant-

The servant left the room, but in a few

comes about. Tremaine took the card, considerably as-

avenue."
"Why, that is my address," Tremaine said. And then turning the card over, in



"THAT'S HER!" SAID BILL, SAVAGELY.

of a physical nature, then he must have received some strong mental shock, and the brain, gentlemen, is a ticklish organ to deal with. I feel quite interested in this gentleman's case. By the way, have you any idea how old he is?"

"Well, sixty, I should think," replied Tremaine, wondering at the question.

"You judge by his face and hair, eh?" said the doctor, quickly.

"Yes," answered Tremaine.

"He does look like sixty in the face, and yet I never saw such an arm as he has on a man of sixty in my life," said the doctor, decidedly.

"You think he is younger, then?"
"I don't know what to think," replied the loctor, doubtfully. "In the first place, that would do credit to a prize-fighter. Not

stantly dismissed from their minds.

This was the first great affliction that had

After a restless night to all the principal members of the Tremaine household, morn-

ing came.

The secretary, Whitehead, was still unconscious. The doctor, who called early to

"Did he give his name?"

"No, sir. I asked him for his name, but he said that it was useless for him to give it, because he was a stranger to you," answered

ing interviews to strangers."

minutes he returned with a large card in his hand and a broad grin upon his face.

"He says, sir," said John, holding out the card, "that if you'll please to look at this card you'll understand the business that he

tonished at the strange message.
On the card was written "810 Fifth

search of some solution to this odd mystery, the Ace of Spades stared him in the face.

In an instant the recollection of the card he had given Christine sixteen years before

flashed upon him; the eard that had indeed proved an omen of evil.

"What can this mean?" Tremaine muttered to himself, with a puzzled look. "Can this person have any connection with the past? Well, show him up, John," he said, aloud

aloud.

The servant withdrew, but in a few minutes returned conducting the "Marquis," who was the person who had sent the mys-You may withdraw, John," said Tre-

maine to the servant, who stood discreetly at door, waiting for orders

The servant bowed and left the room, closing the door behind him. Well, sir, your business with me?" ask-

ed Tremaine, gazing with curiosity into the handsome face of the young man, and detecting in that face a strange resemblance to some other face that he had seen. But who the possessor of that face was he could not

That will require a short explanation, sir," said the "Marquis," with easy politeness.
"Proceed, sir," said Tremaine, yainly endeavoring to recall where he had seen the young man's face before, or if not his face

the face that it so strongly resembled.

"Do you remember the year 1852?" asked the "Marquis,"

Tremaine started. His thought then was right; his visitor had some connection with the events of that terrible night.

"Yes, sir, I remember; but to what particular part of the year have you reference?
"The night of the 20th of September." Despite his self-control, Tremaine shud-

dered. I am about to speak of a terrible event that happened on that night," continued the young man; "of a woman killed by lightning and a child rendered motherless."

Well, sir, what has this to do with me?" Tremaine asked. He saw plainly that by some means the young man had gained a knowledge of the events of the dreadful night, the memory of which, even now, after the long lapse of years, was full of pain to him. Yet he felt sure that his strange visitor could not possibly possess any clue to connect him with those terrible events.

"Only that you are the father of the motherless child." Tremaine stared in astonishment. There was no trace of hesitation in the stranger's voice as he made the charge. He spoke like one fully confident.

"Possibly, you have some proof of what you assert, or it will be difficult for you to make people believe your story," Tremaine said, slowly. He felt sure that he had guessed the object of the stranger's visit. By some unaccountable means he had become possessed of the history of that terrible night's transactions, and had come to levy black mail as the price of silence.

"I see, sir," said Catterton, very politely, and with great respect in his manner, "that you do not understand why I have taken the liberty to call upon you. There is only one person in the world that I wish to impress with the belief that I speak the truth, and

that person is yourself."
"Indeed!" Tremaine was bewildered. "Yes, sir, and you know that I speak the truth when I say that you are the father of the girl known as Essie, and who is the daughter of Christine Averill. You will not deny this, when I tell you that I am the newsboy that placed the child in your arms that night, and who received a hundred dollars for that service. I followed you that night with the intent to find out who and what you were. I did not know your name,

though I did know where you resided, for I heard the lady read the address on the card after you had written it. That is what prompted me—when you refused to see me just now—to send you a fuesimile of that card. You see, sir, I came prepared to be refused. As I have said, that night I tracked you—with a bad intent, I own, sir—until I was thrown off the scent by your taking the cars at the Hudson River depot. But the very first thing the next morning I came here and found out your name. Since these events sixteen years have passed—"

events sixteen years have passed—"
"It is useless for me to deny the truth of what you have said!" cried Tremaine, interrupting him. "I suppose that your visit to me this morning is for the purpose of levying black-mail; you wish me to buy your silence?"

"No, sir," returned the "Marquis," firmly but respectfully, "I don't wish you to do any thing of the kind. True, I might come to you, and say: I know all about the night of September 20th, 1852. I know that this girl whom you call Essie Troy is, in reality, Essie Averill. That she is your daughte and that, possibly, if I were to make that fact known among your acquaintances, it might create considerable talk and submit young lady-if not you-to some mortification. But I have no intention, sir, of doing any thing of the sort. I have called back the past, simply to show you that I was one of the actors in that past. I did you a service then; true, I was paid for it; but you are well aware, sir, that if I had asked you a thousand dollars for that infant you would have given it. Of course you are too old a man of the world, not to guess that I have some other object in making this call than simply to tell you that I am acquainted with a little of your past history. I own, frankly, that I have a favor to ask of you; but if you see fit not to grant that favor, I shall leave this house, take the secret concerning Miss Essie with me and keep it securely locked in my own breast as I have done for sixteen

Tremaine looked at the pale, quiet face of the "Marquis" with astonishment. That a man, who was evidently an adventurer, should possess such a secret, and yet not attempt to extort money as the price of silence,

was indeed a wonder. Sir, I can hardly understand this riddle."

Do not try to," quietly replied the "Mar-"let it remain a riddle. My motives for acting thus, will probably never be known. I love the girl, sir, that you have reared—whom you call Essie Troy—better than I do any thing else in this world, better than I do myself—and self-love you know is powerful, sir. But I would sooner give my right hand than have a single hour of gloom fall upon her young life."

You are speaking very strangely, sir!" cried Tremaine, in amazement.
"Yes, sir," returned the "Marquis," because you do not know the reason that actuates me. That reason will never be known to any one in the world. Suffice it that it exists, and that I shall never do harm by word or deed to Miss Essie.

"And now, sir, what is this favor that you wish at my hands?"

"The loan, sir, of a thousand dollars—not a gift, mind, but a loan to be repaid. My way of life, sir, does not suit me. With the money I have, in addition to the thousand dollars loaned by you, I can start a good business and earn an honest living."
"But what assurance have I that this

money will be repaid, and that this is not a black-mailing device?" asked Tremaine "At present, nothing but my word; but the moment I start in trade-I'm going to open a small book-store on Broadway-I'll give

you a mortgage on my stock."

For a moment Tremaine looked into the face of the "Marquis," and in that face he

saw written honesty.

"I'll do it!" he said, "and trust you."
And when Daniel Catterton, the "Marquis," left the house of Tremaine, he carried with him a check for a thousand dollars. The "Marquis" was in the right road af-

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

"OLD TIMES ROCKS." IOLA had been in the paper-box manufactory three days, and was as happy as happy could be. Each evening the "Marquis" callcould be. Each evening the "Marquis" called to see her and spent an hour or two in the little parlor. Catterton could not understand what made the hours pass so pleasantly and so swiftly when he was in Iola's company. The girl did not try to understand. It was enough for her that she was happy in his society, she did not question why.

The evening of the third day had come. Iola descended the long flights of stairs that led from the manufactory to the street, light and joyous as a bird on a bright May morning, and took her way home.

Iola little thought that evil eyes were watching her, that brutal hearts were laying snares for her feet.

On the other side of the street, in a door-

On the other side of the street, in a doorway, stood two men: one of them is well-known to us, it is Mr. William Thompson, otherwise known as English Bill. His companion was a rough-looking fellow, not quite so burly in form as Bill. He was known as Curly Rocks, and sometimes familiarly called by his associates "Old Times Rocks," probably on account of his long association with the roughs of Water street, he having been brought up from childhood in that delichtful region

lightful region.
"That's her, curse her!" cried Bill, say-

agely.

Accident had revealed to Bill Iola's work-Ever since the girl's sudden and unaccountable disappearance Bill had hunted high and low for the missing one. His search had been fruitless until happening with Curly Rocks to be passing down Canal street, he saw, to his great delight, Iola come out of the building in which was situated

her work-shop.
"Is that so?" asked Rocks, who was not

"Is that so?" asked Rocks, who was not acquainted with Iola.

"And now I've got my eyes on her, blast her, I'll soon have her in my hands again," Bill exclaimed with ferocious delight.

"Why don't you go right over, take her by the nap of the neck and snake her off home, say?" exclaimed Curly, who was an extremely practical ruffian.

"An' have her holler blue murder an' then have the perlice come down onto us an' take

have the perlice come down onto us an' take us both off to the station?" returned Bill. 'Well, wot of that?" cried Curly,

your gal, ain't she? Ain't you got a right to do wot you like with her? Wot's the use of bein' a father if you hain't got a right to take your gal home when she runs away from you, I'd like to know?"

"Well, I don't want to have any fuss," re-

plied Bill, "I'd rather git hold of the young brat quietly. Besides I want to find out who dressed her up this way. She ain't gone to the devil, as I thought, 'cos she wouldn't be a-workin' if she was. Let's foller her an' see where she goes to." And so the two roughs started in pursuit

of Iola, being careful, however, not to betray to her that she was followed. Iola went straight to her home as usual. Bill and Curly saw her enter the door of the boarding-house The game was treed.

"I'd like to know where she got all those new togs?" growled Bill. "She looks as gay as a pink!" cried Curly, "I'll soon change her looks, let me git my

hands on her ag'in !" said Bill, savagely. "Well now, old man, wot's the programme, eh?" asked Curly. To git hold of her as soon as possible,"

returned Bill, fiercely.
"Yes, but how are ye a-goin' fer to do it, 'cos I rather fancy that the gal won't come with you, herself, if she knows it; not much, you know," and Curly put his tongue in his cheek, significantly.

"That's so, curse her!" cried Bill, in a rage, "let me git hold on her ag'in, I'll take the devil out of her—I'll tame her!" "Yes, but how are you a-goin' to git hold on her? Unless you walks up to the front-door, rings the bell an' says 'My name's William Thompson, you've got my gal here an' I want's her.' An' if the young 'un should happen to reply, 'Don't you wish you may git it,' or, 'Will you hold your breath till I go with you,' or any other perlite observation, what are you a-goin' to do about it? unless you calls in the perlice for to make her go with you," observed the playful and

sagacious Curly.

"You just leave me alone, I'll fix it someway," said Bill, "but I'd like to know where she got that new dress. Dresses don't lay round loose in the streets of New York."

"That's so," chimed in Curly.
"She would never have run off unless some one told her to, an' fixed a place for her to go to. I'd give something to find out all shout it," said Bill, thoughtfully.

Evenin' News, only one cent!" yelled a

boy's voice close at Curly's elbow. "Hello! buy a paper, Bill?" continued the voice.

The roughs turned and beheld the newsboy called Shorty.
"No, I don't want no paper," gruffly said Bill.

"Say, you don't trust, Shorty, do yer?" asked Curly, who had a keen sense of the humorous "Trust! what do you take me for, say?"



demanded Shorty. "I does a cash business, regular, 'dos it's too much trouble to keep books. Bill was deeply cogitating how he should

learn all the particulars regarding Iola, when an idea struck him. "Say, Shorty," said Bill, "would you like to make a dollar?"
"Would 1!" exclaimed the boy, his eyes "Oh, no! not much, not for Joe Just you show me how I kin make

a dollar, an' see me go fur it." "Well, my gal, Io', is over in that house there—the brick boarding-house. Now you just find out all about her that you can; who brought her there, who comes to see her, an' I'll give you a dollar."

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"Why you are a reg'lar rounder, you are! Just you wait here a minit an' I'll find out all 'bout it. I sells papers to the cook over there, I does," and with these parting words, Shorty ran across the street, and disappeared down the basement-steps.

"I've got her?" cried Bill, with ferocious glee; "I'll have her in my hands afore this night's over; see if I don't!"

#### CHAPTER XIX. ENGLISH BILL'S "LITTLE GAME."

In about ten minutes the newsboy returned. He had found out all that the cook knew in regard to Iola, and that was, that she had only been in the boardinghouse some few days, and that a young gentleman-some relation, the cook supposed—called upon her every evening at

"Wot was the name of the cove?" asked Curly.

"Catterton," answered the boy." " Oh, split me ?" cried Curly, in astonish-

"What's the matter?" asked Bill. He had forgotten the name of the "Marquis," accustomed as he was only to call him by

his sporting name. "Why, that's 'Dan the Devil,' the fellow wot you got arter the other night!" cried

"The devil it is!" exclaimed Bill. "That's so," answered the other.

"Then, he's the one that took the gal away. I'll be even with him yet!" and Bill's manner showed plainly how deeply he hated the young man.

Say, old hoss, you promised me a dollar!" cried the newsboy.

"Here it is," and Bill handed the note to

"I say, Shorty, ain't you a-goin' to treat?" asked Curly.

"Does your mother know you're out?" was the ambiguous response of the news-boy; and without waiting for an answer to his question, he darted up the street and she had been left. was soon busy crying his papers.

"Wot's your little game?" asked Curly. "Just you wait a little while an' you'll see," replied Bill.

I'll keep the hair on my head," by

which expressive sentence, Curly intimated that he would wait. 'Say, Rocks, do you think you can play

a perlice detective?" Bill asked. "Well, I don't know; I ought to. I've seen a good deal of them," returned Curly, with a grin.

"You kin do it, I know. I'll tell you wot to say as we go along."

"Where are you goin'?" "Up to Chatham Square. I want a hack,

an' Patsy Duke stands up there. He's all right, he is. Say, will you join in my lit-

"You bet!" Curly replied, using the slang term from the far Pacific coast. And so the pair of knaves walked slow-

ly up to Chatham Square, Bill explaining his "little game" as they walked along. Iola had just finished supper when the

door-bell rung and Mrs. Wiggins, going to the door, returned with the information that a man wanted to see Miss Thompson. Iola could not imagine who it was, but went at once to the door. Upon perceiving the rough-looking man that stood there she hesitated in some little alarm. But as the landlady, Mrs. Wiggins, was close behind her, she knew that there could be no dan-

"Are you Miss Thompson?" asked the man, in quite a polite tone for one so rough as he.

"Yes, sir," answered Iola. "Well, miss, I am a detective officer; my name is Jones. There's a friend of yours -Mr. Catterton-got into trouble 'bout assaultin' a feller on Broadway, named English Bill, the other night, an' he wants you to come up to the station an' testify for him, 'cos he said that you see'd the whole

"What will they do to Mr. Catterton?" asked Iola, in dismay at the thought of any danger coming to her friend and on her ac-

count too. "Oh, nothin', miss ; you kin git him right out of it just by telling what you know," answered Mr. "Jones."

"Shall I have to go to the police-sta-

tion?" asked Iola. "Yes, right away, too. Mr. Catterton sent a hack for you. It won't take ten minutes to fix the fuss up all right."

"What shall I do, Mrs. Wiggins?" said Iola, feeling a doubt, despite the words of the stranger.

"Why, go, of course, my dear !" cried the landlady, quickly no thought of evil entering her mind. "Good gracious! Mr. Catterion is such a nice young man !

"Yes, ma'am, he's a reg'lar brick !" said

"Can this lady go with me?" aske Iola, still feeling a doubt in her mind.
"In course!" cried the detective quickly come right along, ma'am." Assured at last, Iola hurried up-stairs f her hat and cloak while Mrs. Wiggins rushed hastily for her bonnet and shawl.

cried Iola, as with trembling hands she threw the cloak over her shoulders; how Iola. good he has been to me!" Then Iola ran down-stairs-her mind

now filled with only one thought, the danger of the "Marquis." The dusk of the evening was upon the

stores.

Iola and Mrs. Wiggins went out through the door. In the street stood a hack. "Mr. Brown, my pardner, 's inside,

ma'am," said the detective as he opened the hack door for Iola to enter. She, in the dim light, saw the dark form of a man sitting on the front seat, apparently looking out of the opposite window, for his face was turned from her.

Lightly Iola jumped into the hack. The detective turned to give his hand to Mrs. Wiggins, when the hack suddenly drove off at full speed, and left Mr. "Jones" and Mrs. Wiggins standing on the curb-stone.

'Hallo!" shouted the detective, but the hack-driver drove on without looking behind him or paying the slightest attention to the call.

"Well, of all the stupid brutes !" said Mr. "Jones," apparently deeply disgusted. "Whatever shall we do?" asked Mrs. Wiggins.

"Why, we can walk to the office, ma'am; it's only up in Harlem." "Harlem! walk to Harlem!" cried the

astonished Mrs. Wiggins. "Why no, of course not. We can take

"Well, I don't know as there is really any need of my going," said Mrs. Wiggins, thoughtfully. "I s'pose you'll see that the young lady comes home all safe?"

"Oh, in course," responded the detective, with urbanity, "in course I'll bring her home all right. Don't you worry 'bout that, ma'am. I'm very sorry that you couldn't go, but I'll never employ that brute of a driver ag'in. Good-night, ma'am," and the detective, Mr. "Jones," hastened off.

"Well I never," muttered Mrs. Wiggins, as she returned, disconsolate, to the house, "the impudence and carelessness of them hack-drivers is wonderful. I don't see how people stands it." And the good lady somewhat relieved her mind by telling the boarders how she was left standing on the pavement; what a real gentleman the detective, Mr. Jones, was, and how sorry he felt that

About eight o'clock the door-bell rung. Mrs. Wiggins hastened to answer it, expecting that it was Iola returned. When she opened the door she discovered to her surprise that the person who had rung the bell was Mr. Catterton, and that he was alone. "Well, I'm glad you've got out !" cried Mrs. Wiggins, with a smile of welcome; " but

where is Miss Iola?" Catterton looked at the lady with amaze-

"Why, how should I know?" he asked "Hasn't she come back with you?" asked Mrs. Wiggins, no less astonished than her

"Come back with me ?" exclaimed Catterton; "why no, of course not. How could she?"

Mrs. Wiggins now stared at the young man with wonder. Her first thought was that the "Marquis" had been drinking, but if he had, he showed no signs of it.

"Oh, I see !" cried Mrs. Wiggins, a light breaking in upon her clouded mind. "She's coming in the coach !"

"The coach ?" cried Catterton, in blank amazement. "Yes," replied Mrs. Wiggins, perfectly

satisfied that she had hit upon the true solution of the mystery; " but how did you get out, and why didn't you come with Miss Iola ? "How did I get out?" repeated Catter-

ton, beginning to think that Mrs. Wiggins was slightly insane.

"Yes, and why didn't you come back with Miss Iola?" repeated Mrs. Wiggins. "I can't understand you!" cried the Marquis," not able to make sense out of her questions.

"Well, I'm sure I speak plain enough!" exclaimed Mrs. Wiggins, considerably astonished, and beginning to be a little indignant.

"My dear madam?" exclaimed Catterton, plainly seeing that there was a misunderstanding somewhere, "what on earth do you mean by asking me how I got out, and why I didn't come back with Miss Iola ?"

"Why out of the station-house in Harlem?" Mrs. Wiggins felt considerably bewildered.

Catterton felt sure now that Mrs. Wiggins was out of her head.

"I've not been in any station-house in Harlem or anywhere else!" exclaimed the "Marquis." "I haven't been in Harlem for

" Not been in Harlem !" cried Mrs. Wiggins, at the top of her voice. "No?" exclaimed Catterton, in astonish-

"Hain't you been arrested?" in the same high key.

"Oh Lor'!" and Mrs. Wiggins threw up her hands in dismay.

The loud tone of the conversation had brought the boarders in alarm out of their rooms, and anxious heads were people over the stair-railing, curious to discover the meaning of the unusual noise. "Why, what's the matter?" cried Cat-

terton, for the first time beginning to be "He is in danger, and on my account!" alarmed, and having a dim fear that possibly something might have happened

"Oh, Lor'!" repeated Mrs. Wiggins, half fainting in her excitement, "a gent come as said that his name was Jones and he was a de-tective officer, an' he asked after Miss Thompson, quite polite like, an' he said as | duty and prudence ringing so loudly in his street, and the gas was being lighted in the how you had been arrested for 'saultin' somebody, an' she must go right away for a witness, an' she asked me for to go with her, an' we got our things on an' she got into the coach, an' no sooner had she got in, than the coachman-the villain! hanging's too good for him-he drove off an' left me an' the de-tective, as said his name was Jones, a-standin' on the blessed side-

> "Is it possible?" cried Catterton, almost bewildered at this sudden blow, for the lessly. whole scheme was clear to him in an instant. He saw plainly that Iola had been abducted.

" Possible it is, an' quite correct !" cried Mrs. Wiggins, "an' the gent as said he was a de-tective and his name was Jones, was quite polite, an' said he'd bring Miss Iola

back all safe." "This is some mistake," said Catterton. He did not care to enter into particulars, which could do no good and might do mischief. "Some one else has probably been mistaken for me. I'll go and see about it

at once."

excitement. The "Marquis" knew full well that the abductor of Iola could be no other than English Bill.

## The Shadowed Heart:

THE ILL-STARRED MARRIAGE.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

CHAPTER VI. THE UNHAPPY MOTHS AND THE FLAME.

THE ride from Rose Cottage, in the society of his idolized Maude, with Helen Joyce on the opposite side of him, was not as delightful as it might have been, and when at the open archway, the two halted, while Helen seemed undecided whether to return home with Maude or not. Fred Treylyn decided the matter very quickly if not gal-

"Good-afternoon, Miss Joyce. Miss Maude and I will not come in, thank you." Then touching Maude's pony with his whip, and bowing as his own Fleet darted | Trevlyn, and is not that proof I do not reoff, obedient to the touch of the bridle, they galloped away.

It was a perfect afternoon, cool breezy, and the buoyant atmosphere incited the riders to a longer race than the short distance to the Grange. For several minutes, neither had spoken, and then Maude broke the silence.

Poor George, I do earnestly hope he will recover sufficiently to come home this evening."

"Then his society is so very desirable, I conclude. More so than that of any other mortal?" He laughed savagely, wondering within

himself how he dared to say what he had spoken. Mande looked proudly at him.

"Why should not my future husband be the nearest and dearest of all men?" Fred Trevlyn reined his horse close heside her, and bent his head to her ear. "He ought to be, he would be, but you

do not love him." Like lightning she turned upon him. "You transcend your rights as a friend, Mr. Trevlyn; pray, who gave you your in-

But a vivid blush was slowly tinting her face, and she felt her companion's dark

passionate eyes reading her own. No one told me; my own observation noted it, and my own heart taught me the | conceal! It was almost madness, and yet

woman for George Casselmaine!" He spoke hotly, vehemently. 'Not good enough, perhaps?" asked Maude, half in jest, partly to cover her con-

"Maude! how dare you misconstrue me?" In bitter authority—a power she recognized in every fiber of her being-he spoke, and, ere she framed a reply, he burst forth

"I repeat it-George Casselmaine is not suited to you, to your wants, or your expectations. You need not only a husband who shall lead, direct and guard you, but you want a lover, who shall cherish, worship, and adore you. Your betrothed can not do that; he does not love you as much as another does one who I know sins in the depth of his love for you, who, if he dare, would be the husband-lover."

His dark eyes and stern face were tender and loving as he bent so near her crimson cheek, so close he almost heard the wild brow. heart beat—the throb of purest ecstasy as Maude thought, "He loves me!"

It was fearful ground he was treading on, and he well knew it. But, as stolen sweets are most enjoyed, so did Frederic Trevlyn revel in the enjoyment of an interview he felt was only a bitter tantalization.

For, in the brief moments he spent in Maude Elverton's presence, he partially forgot this correct his cheins the deep culf

got his sorrow, his chains, the deep gulf between him and his love. He forgot the sacred from at the Archery, and its contents; he forgot all-every thing, save the fierce, hopeless passion for her, and, to-day from the overcharged deeps of his heart he had said the words that sent such warm thrills all over Mande.

And yet, with the voice of conscience, ears, Frederic Trevlyn would not listen, but madly pursued his rash way.

He had been so unhappy-he reasoned so miserably lonely until this sweet face flitted across his vision, this lovely charmer came to woo and enslave him. Maude Elverton was the first human being who ever, in all Frederic Trevlyn's life, possessed the power of awakening the master-passion in his heart, to touch the resounding chord of love, which vibrated so fiercely, so cease-

This, then, the only dream of joy he had ever known, would come, at last, to a rude awakening. His darling would marry George Casselmaine.

He shivered to the very soul at this thought, and when he looked quickly up, he met Mande's gaze, tender almost loving, but with a half-savage smile, he started

their horses rapidly along. "One doesn't care to ride slowly along this gloomy road, especially when their escort is as stupid as yours."

Maude might have expected a far different remark than this, so very unlike the And Catterton at once departed, leaving last words he had spoken. But, Maude the Wiggins' household in a state of great Elverton was not the woman to let any man last words he had spoken. But, Maude note such a feeling, and eagerly as Frederic Trevlyn read her face, he detected no shadow of what was passing within, and a fierce pang shot through him, half jealous that she did not care for him, half angry.

that he cared so much for her. "There is the Archery," and Maude pointed to the cupola glistening among the

"It is a wonder that you are not afraid to pass such an ill-spoken-of place at dusk, too. Most ladies avoid it, as though it were peopled with hobgoblins instead of human beings like myself, but not much

better than fiends, after all." "Why, Mr. Trevlyn, how you speak Making such sport of your elegant home, and comparing yourself to a fiend l"

Maude's answer was quickly and indignantly uttered, and she raised her eyes fear lessly to his. He smiled in his own peculiar winning

way; a rare smile, and one as rarely indulged in; one which, despite herself, brought a flush to her face, as she turned her eyes away.

"Then you admire the Archery, and do not think me quite a demon?" "I have considered you a friend, Mr.

gard you in such a wicked light?" "Then you regard me wrongly, Maude Elverton. I am a wicked man, whose greatest sin is my only joy. You may well look confounded at my language, but it is

true-too true." He paused, evidently awaiting an answer,

but none came. "I know not why I am prompted to speak of these things to you, unless my evil genius, who is ever present, urges me on, but certain it is I am strongly inclined to tell you my troubles, my griefs-no, pardon

me, I have forgotten myself."

He bowed coldly-this strange, inexpli cable lover of hers and, as Maude stole a glance at his stern, stormy face, she saw the fixed expression of stony grief, so near akin to despair, that she pitied him tenderly of "Mr. Trevlyn, tell me, I beg! That you are laboring under a severe agony of mind, I easily see and deeply regret. Please con fide in me, my friend; perhaps a confidente will relieve your feelings. I think I can sympathize with you."

Unconsciously she laid her hand on his arm, and looked imploringly in his face. He turned away, by a mighty effort, for the temptation pressed him strongly.

Maude Elverton's warm, life-giving touch on his arm; her sweet voice beseeching the story he dared not tell, and could scarcely secret. Maude Elverton, you are not the the words trembled on his lips; had not his good angel intercepted, Maude Elverton would have heard the words her heart was so earnestly craving, and he himself would have been deeper sunk in sorrow and re-

> "I thank you," and his tones were low and gentle, "but I dure not! You lay your hand in all confidence in mine, now, and call me friend Did von know my wickedness, my sin, you would hate me, and your hate would be to me worse than

Again the lightning flash of unrestrained delight thrilled over Maude, but she gently removed her arm. For a moment she was silent, then, ere she could reply, Frederic addressed her:

"As true friends, dear friends, I liope we will part to-day. After to-day, I will not meet you often. I can not, I dare not !" With a haughty bow, Maude answered him, while the angry blood rushed to her

Thank you, sir. Our roads diverge here. Good-afternoon."

bounded down the Grange road, but not quicker than Frederic followed. No," he said, grasping the oridle, and bringing them face to face, "we will not part thus. Listen, Maude Elverton, and look in my face. Does not your heart tell you why I say we must not meet? does not your heart bear witness to what I dare not say, and what you dare not hear?"

She did not remove her eyes from off his face, until the last words were spoken; then, with a sudden movement, wrenched herself free from his hand, so hot and trembling.

There ensued a silence, and Maude's heart throbbed almost audibly. Never before had Frederic Trevlyn suggested his love so plainly, and now she thought he referred to her betrothal to George Casselmaine, as the impassable barrier to his love for her. Like a sudden flush of light came the thought, that her lover, her rightful lover was not the one who wore her ring, who would call her wife, when the summer came again. She knew Fred Trevlyn loved her, and she knew she loved him. She had heard how cold, repellent and haughty the handsome owner of the Archery was, and how no woman ever succeeded in winning a smile of love or word of affection from him. And from all this ice-bound sea of coldness and sternness, the love for her had come, a rushing, mighty torrent that naught might stay. She, she was the recipient of

thought. "Well?" he asked, gently. His voice, loving and beloved as its tones were, recalled her to herself, and with a fierce, almost stern voice, she answered him. And her answer saved him.

this love, the object of this passion! and

the flush deepened on her cheek at the

"Mr. Casselmaine, my future husband, certainly will not object to my friend Mr. Trevlyn calling as usual at the Grange."

Was he awake? Could it be possible this was Maude, his darling, speaking so cruelly, so entirely disregardful of the meaning of his question? He looked earnestly at her, but her sweet face gave no sign of the fierce tumult within. He drew a breath of relief, and yet tinctured with exquisite

"I have but one request to ask. Promise me never to give George Casselmaine up. Promise, Maude Elverton! Your sacred promise alone will save me from eternal

Eagerly, wildly he scanned her face.
"I shall certainly marry George Casselmaine. Are you satisfied?" So strangely at variance with his words but a short time before, when he told her George Casselmaine could never be the husband she would need, he seemed madly de-

lighted with her reply.
"God bless you, Maude Elverton! You have saved nie-liave saved yourself." He caught her hand, and covered it with hot kisses; then, stooping suddenly, pressed one long kiss on her lips.

"I shall not ask your pardon; I do not desire your forgiveness, but I will not repeat the offense—never, alas! never!" The tears sprung to her eyes, but she

the Grange gate. Frederic turned abruptly away, and without a word or bow, galloped home. Almost listlessly, certainly, very wearly, Maude entered the house, to apprise her parents of the accident to their guest.

dashed them away, just as they paused by

CHAPTER VII.

NURSE AND SOMETHING ELSE. In the shady, airy bedroom, George Casselmaine lay; the physician had seen him, and pronounced him not dangerously hurt, but too exhausted by the shock of his fall to venture from his present quarters for a while-before the next day at the earliest. Consciousness had returned, and he was scanning with interest the objects before him. He perfectly remembered the ride, and wondered, with bitterness, if his be-

trothed were in the house to attend upon

him, or whether he were left to the tender

mercies of the country folks who dwelt in He finally decided that some one in the dwelling was refined, for the dainty little pictures that adorned the walls, the spotless lace curtains of the windows, the neat muslin screen attached to the wall before the wash-stand, ornamented with the bright blue rosettes, the bouquet of flowers on the bureau, all spoke plainly that some refined

taste had arranged all this. A lady must have occupied the room, he further concluded, for behind the door hung a pink muslin dress-(whither hasty hands had deposited it) and the lady must be pretty, for the tiny slipper by the bedside, the small gloves that the half-opened

drawer disclosed, all bespoke beauty. He smiled rather scornfully, as he closed his eyes languidly, at the romantic idea of estimating an unknown person's beauty by such peculiar tests.

She might have small hands and tiny feet, and a head of softest brown hair, and wear the daintiest of pink dresses, and yet the skin might be coarse and thick, the eyes ugly and cross, and the figure ill-proportioned.

But what did it matter to him? What need he care about the owner of the neat little room he occupied? He had no right to be building air castles and peopling them with beautiful maidens whom he would have loved with all the ardent intensity of

He sighed, and thought of Maude Elver



ton-beauteous, enchanting and refined, possessing every qualification his wife should possess, except the one consideration of a love that was from the soul.

To George Casselmaine, a marriage without this love was a mockery to which he could not, would not consent. Not that he entertained the most remote idea of giving up his beautiful Maude, but he determined to grow to love her; and when the time came that he could in all truth claim her as his wife, the marriage might be solemnized, and never till then.

Rather than learn to love, George Casselmaine wished it might have burst upon him at once. He wished, when he first saw her, the right feeling had come, and this was what his heart was starving for, the while he was nobly striving to cultivate the coy passion.

His thoughts were assuming a serious import, and he was growing restless and impatient, when, suddenly, the door open-

He was so entirely unprepared for the vision that burst upon him, that he cared not to restrain the exclamation that rose to his lips, and a bright smile welcomed his attendant as she blushingly advanced to his

Ida extended her hand cordially. You have awakened, I perceive, sir:

You feel much better, do you not?" "Thanks to some one's skillfulness, yes; and that 'some one' I believe is yourself. Is it not ?"

Ida smiled pleasantly. "I certainly attended to you, but how

skillfully I can not say." " And to whom am I thus everlastingly

The admiring, withal conreous glance sent the wild blood to her face as she answered.

"I am Ida Tressel." " Ida Tressel!"

Unconsciously his lips repeated the name.

"I will confess so sweet a name surprises me in this country place."

His winning smile and gentle tones were making sad inroads on Ida's heart, but she bravely smothered every shadow of her feelings.

"What must you think then of the title of the dwelling you are in? We call it " Rose Cottage."

"Ida Tressel of Rose Cottage! I shall never forget that. I think it is the sweetest sound I ever heard."

George Casselmaine spoke truthfully, and Ida's face blushed with pleasure.

"I have prepared a light lunch for you, sir, and if you are ready I will bring it "All ready, except that I'll have some

water and a napkin first. I'm rather dusty." Ida poured from the water-vase a basin

of gool water, and set it on a chair by the bed; then hung a clean, perfumed towel beside it.

With a careless movement, George arose to a sitting posture, and essayed to turn back his cuffs, but a sudden faintness seized him, and, his face as ashen as death, he was forced to lie down again.

In a moment the giddiness passed away, and looking toward Ida, he smiled mischiev-

"Miss Tressel, you will pardon my presumption in daring to suggest such a thing, but really I am unable to bathe my face." She hesitated a moment, just as Hetty entered the room

"Aunt Hetty can assist you," she said, pointing to the sable attendant who carried the tray of edibles.

George cast an imploring glance at her which said, plainly as looks might sayhe much preferred Ida's ministry. But, she was dumb to his glance, and, as Aunt Hetty deposited the waiter on the stand, was about to request her assistance. But Casselmaine superseded her.

"Miss Tressel, if it is not too much trouble, would you please help me bathe

His eyes were beaming with a merry twinkle, and a mischievous smile parted his

Ida blushed, and then smiled, then comprehending the ludicrous situation, laughed

"Please grant me this one favor, dear

Miss Tressel. Ida's heart beat tumultuously, but she calmed herself, and, gravely and sweetly, with not the faintest show of merriment,

proceeded to bathe his face and hands. As her hands lingered around the waving hair that curled over the white forehead, she shivered, in spite of herself. How could it be otherwise?

Here was her ideal, on whom she was lavishing all her heart's affection, comparatively helpless under her hands; his hand some face smiling so kindly in her eyes, and his own dark eyes beaming so merrily. True, there was no suspicion of love in George Casselmaine's demeanor, but Ida felt sure he did not dislike her, and that was a delight. So her hands wandered caressingly, lingeringly perhaps, in the thick waving hair, and she reluctantly de-

clared her task accomplished. "No! you are not through?" he asked, and Ida imagined she detected a shade of disappointment on his face.

"I am: Will you have the glass to see if all is right?"

She would have gone for the little handmirror on the toilette stand, but Casselmaine suddenly detained her. it of thew oggod

her hands, while a rich bloom tinted her cheeks; "no; you shall tell me if I look well. Do I? Are you satisfied with me?"

"Was she satisfied?" how that innocent question made her quiver. Satisfied with George Casselmaine! but she raised her lids, and glanced timidly at the handsome

"I am perfectly satisfied, sir. Your hair is arranged very becomingly, I think." "Let me see for myself, please."

He looked earnestly in her eyes, so flooded with the love-light in their depths; he looked eagerly, and when she could no | never repent your choice." longer return his searching glance, with a

"Miss Ida, I beg your pardon. I was cruel, barbarous, to tax your modesty, to will never be done by me." try your patience so. Forgive me, my kind nurse, my little attendant, will you?"

His smile was bright—his tones earnest, but, Ida saw not the one, if she heard the other. She only knew that perhaps he had I have told him." read her secret in her tell-tale eyes; and that were worse than never being loved! Look at me for a single moment, and I

promise not to offend again." He placed his hand under her chin and gently raised her face, so their eyes met. "You forgive me, freely forgive my rudeness? and will grant me a great favor

to prove my unreserved pardon?" "I shall think nothing of it," she murmured, striving to appear indifferent. "Thank you, thank you; but the boon

I crave is, that you will condescend to regard me as a friend, one who may by friendly acts atone for this one ungentlemanly deed. May I call you my friendwill you acknowledge me yours?"

A thrill of wild rapture filled Ida's heart, that fluttered and throbbed in her glad emotion. Without a word she extended her hand. Casselmaine grasped it cordially, and the compact was sealed.

George and Ida were to be friends.

#### CHAPTER VIII. A MAIDEN'S SCORN.

THE intervening days had passed, and

suitor was to make his proposals. George Casselmaine had two days before returned to the Grange, leaving the sweet memory of his brief stay at Rose Cottage, for Ida's solace, and carrying with him a small vignette of hers, which he had insisted on retaining as a souvenir of the pleasant episode in his life, no less than a memento of their mutual friendship. He had gone to Maude again—only to dream of his charming

And Ida, in a state semi-joyous, equally wretched, awaited his coming again; but, meanwhile prepared to meet Andrew Joyce.

The long, warm autumn afternoon was slowly passing on, and Mr. Tressel and Ida were quietly sitting in the little vine-shaded porch, their usual place of siesta on those lovely summer days.

"My child," spoke her father, "our guest comes; welcome him as becomes us." The tottering old man stepped on the porch, a foolish smile of gallantry playing on his withered lips as he reached his hand to Ida, with the other clutching the gold-

headed cane, without which he was power-A scornful expression of her face answered his salutation, and she remained silent. "Sit down, neighbor, sit down; Ida will

wheel the easy-chair up for you." Mr. Tressel darted a reproving glance at his daughter's cold, proud face.

"Never mind, my beauty. To be sure I am no gay young lover coming a-wooing, but the gold in my pocket will balance all

His dim blue eyes sought Ida's, but with a gesture of disgust she turned away. "Ida," spoke her father, sternly, while

Mr. Joyce endeavored to assume an air of profound dignity, "the time for silly trifling has gone by. You well know the object of Mr. Joyce's visit here to-day, and he knows you are aware of it. He comes to repeat to you what he said to me; he comes to hear from you what I have promised him."

Proudly stern, Ida listened to her father's words, and replied by a careless nod, and a slight smile of contempt.

"Yes, sweet Ida, I come for the express purpose of offering you my hand and heart; one full of gold and jewels for my lovely bride, the other full of love for my charming wife."

He bowed respectfully, while a sickening shiver ran over her frame.

"You do not reply," he continued, softly. "I will add, I have the full, free consent of your father, who has further sworn to keep his word-that you should be Mrs. Joyce. When I am made happy by addressing you so, the great study of my life will begin-to make you happy, to gratify your slightest wish. I love you fondly. Will you be my wife?"

"Never, never!" cried she: "I never young life to yours; I despise, I hate you!" "Be silent, till you can use choicer language," angrily commanded her father.

"Do not mind her: it is only maiden ing to reconcile the two.

"It is not," she replied, sternly. "Maiden coyness has no affinity with aged imbecility. When an old, decrepit man of seventy seeks to marry a girl of not a The cab had drawn up to a large, imposing You are truly mistress of your mansion part of education.

"No, Miss Tressel," and he caught both third his years, womanly anger takes the place of maiden coyness. Again I repeat, you had better keep your overtures for some one more anxious for the gold and jewels you seem so determined shall buy you a wife."

> Her eyes flashed fiercely, and she confronted both the old men, while old Aunt Hetty pitied her from her far-off seat in the little back kitchen.

"Your father has passed his word, and he will not break it. When once I have the right to call you mine, you will learn how kind and loving I am, and you will

"I shall never repent, for I shall not faint cry she buried her scarlet cheeks in commit any thing worthy of repentance. her hands. Casselmaine detained one My father may promise me to whom he sees fit, but, it remains for me to fulfill that promise, which, rest assured, Mr. Joyce,

Mr. Tressel arose, enraged, from his

"You shall be more reverent: I command it. You shall tell your suitor what

"Do not reproach me, father. I mean no disrespect for you. I, alone, am the insulted one, who will stand up for my rights."

"Pray, Miss Ida, listen, and let me tell you how dearly the old man loves you-" "Be silent, sir," she commanded, imperiously. "Your language inspires me with horror, with disgust. You are not a man, or you would cease your unwelcome, im-

distasteful protestations." Proudly and with innate dignity she looked at the bent form before her.

portunate avowal. No man with any

spirit would pursue a woman with such

"I have enough spirit to continue to strive for the treasure I swear I shall obtain," he replied, angrily, clenching his fist on the arm of the chair.

She gestured him away, and then turned to withdraw to her room. "No, Ida Tressel, you disobedient child,

you shall hear me. You dare not reject this offer.'

"What! I dare not bestow my love upon whom I will?" "No. Your old, infirm father, who has

worked and toiled these three-score years Sunday had come, when Ida's gray-haired | for you, commands you instantly to accept your suitor. By the authority of a parent, I beseech you."

Ida smiled in supreme disdain. "No earthly power, nor human ingenuity is able to coerce me in this affair. I never shall, never can, be persuaded to marry old Andrew Joyce."

Like an enraged lioness she exultingly confronted her father and their guest.

"One moment, if it pleases you, my dear young lady. May I speak? I would beg to know if you have a prior engagement which is the obstacle between us?"

A vivid blush mantled Ida's brow, but she did not deign to reply. Her father answered for her.

She loves, but has no lover, sir." His sarcastic words, the cutting tone in which they were spoken, stung her to the quick, and she turned fiercely upon them, her face aglow.

Since you inform your guest so far, allow me to confess the entire truth. Know you, then, Andrew Joyce, that I do love another with all the passion of my soul. I will die loving him, whether I am beloved

Her sweet face was lighted by the holy fires within, and she seemed glorified as she

told her ardent love for her idol. "Poor girl, poor girl," muttered Joyce. I can appreciate your feelings-

"You appreciate-you!" she retaliated, scornfully. "The man who is old enough to be my great-grandfather, whose youngest daughter is ten years older than I! You appreciate!"

Mr. Joyce smiled compassionately. "Such overwhelming affection must be a fairy tale. This confession is a falsehood,

then, for you told me but a few moments before you would never marry. "I referred to yourself, sir. never marry, unless it is the one I love. I have told you my final, unalterable decision. I shall not allow so loathsome a

subject to annoy me again." With a courtesy she left the room.

#### CHAPTER IX. THE SCORNED WIFE.

THE Quaker City had just fallen into the first sound doze on a cool, starry September night, and the windows of the elegant bazaars on Chestnut street were long since closed. Lights were extinguished in the elegant mansions on the aristocratic uptown streets, save where at intervals a solitary watcher kept guard over the couch of

The train from New York had arrived an hour before, and the passengers reached their destinations. The spacious Kensington depot was occupied by but one, of the hundreds that lately increased the bustle

The one passenger was a gentleman, tall, will wreck my happiness by binding my handsome, and commanding, who motioned to a cabman.

Drive to Arch street, number -." Tossing his overcoat within the cab, and following with his hand-valise, he closed coyness," said old Andrew Joyce, endeavor- the door, bade the driver go on, and reclined on the cushions, while the cab hurried onward.

With a lurch that aroused him, so violent was it, he gazed from the window.

residence; whose stately front frowned in unrelieved darkness. No ray of light was visible, and as he cast a hasty glance from basement to roof, a bitter smile darkened his features.

Without a word, he thrust a bill in the cabman's hand, and with coat and sachel in hand, ascended the steps.

He did not try the door, for, of course, at that hour of the night every door was securely fastened, but from his vest-pocket he took a tiny key, which he fitted, and

opened the heavy walnut door. A faint light in the chandelier in the hall illumined the splendid decorations of the broad, low staircase, the frescoed walls, the statuary in the niches, the velvet-carpeted floor. Beyond the ground-glass doors, draped with costly lace, which stood slightly ajar, he saw the massive sideboard, fraught with its precious weight of silver and glass. The view was a beautiful one, but it was only a quick, scornful glance he deigned to bestow, and hanging his overcoat on the ebony rack, and leaving his valise and hat beside it, the stranger ascended the stairs. The soft Aubusson carpet gave back no sound of his footfall, and, silent and unseen, he continued his way.

From the door of the front chamber a light gleamed through the keyhole. To this door he went. He turned the knob; it offered no resistance, and he entered the

splendid apartment. By the window, over whose plate-glass panes heavy orange-satin curtains were let down, sat a lady, deeply engrossed in read-

She smiled as she read, all unconscious of the presence frowning so grimly upon her; and when she smiled she seemed transfigured, so gloriously did her features

lighten. She was otherwise scarcely beautiful, though not plain. She had an oval face, and her hair was brushed gracefully off the white forehead. The cheeks wore a pale carmine tint; the lips were scarlet and haughty. Her dress was a white negligé, of fine, soft India muslin, and trimmed with cobweb laces.

Upon this fair tableau the intruder gazed, and the frown darkened on his brow. She did not heed it, and read on in blissful unconsciousness. He advanced rapidly, and laid his hand on the book.

"Clare !" She started, as though frightened, but when she saw him, her fear turned to delight, and she sprung from her chair.

"Frederic, my darling!" She laid her hands on his breast, but he removed them, and led her to the chair she had just vacated.

"You know I dislike such demonstrations. Please discontinue them in the fu-A pained expression came over her fea-

tures, but she made no reply. For several moments they stood confronting each other. Then he spoke:

"Doubtless you were surprised to see me so unexpectedly; but the old excuse is again offered." Clare raised her eyes a moment, looking full in his face.

"Frederic, will the time never come when peace and love are restored between us? Must our lives ever be passed in this awful mockery, ever apart?"

She gazed tenderly upon his cold, handsome face, and a bitter smile broke over his

"Never! Your own hand did the deed; your own heart must bear the conse-

quences." He smiled proudly.

Clare uttered a cry of anguish. " My heart alone, Frederic? Am I the only victim of this unhappy marriage? Does not your heart ever long for the happy days by-gone? Oh, my husband, must I bear this load alone? Pity me, pity me,

and love me, be it ever so little!" She raised those tender, tearful eyes, lovelit through the mists of grief, in earnest im-

"Do-not enact this scene again, Clare. Whenever I come, the tableau is the same. Do you wonder I come not oftener?" Frederic Trevlyn folded his arms as he

stood before her. "I received your letter last week, and I would have come before, had not other affairs detained me. Now I am here, ready to do your bidding, as a husband should do.' For a moment a sarcastic light gleamed in Clare Trevlyn's eyes, but she bowed re-

"I will hear my husband's will." A vial of scornful indignation was centered in the one word, and Frederic felt it, but too proud to resent it, he proceeded:

words. I never wish to see you at the Archery again." An enraged blush mantled her face, and she turned proudly to him.

"I can tell you my commands in a few

"You have no authority to order your wife, your lawfully-wedded wife, the mother of your child-dead and an angel though she be-from your door. You dare not, you shall not! I protest against it! At the Archery or in the Philadelphia mansion, I am mistress. Remember, my name is Mrs. Frederic Trevlyn, and no human power can divest me of my rights and privi-

Frederic Trevlyn looked coolly on her, so glowing and animated. "That is false," he said, quietly and

calmly. "You wear my name, you are called my wife by the few who know us.

here, for I gave it to you. You were my wife once, Clare, my loved wife; you are my little dead daughter's mother. I never shall forget that; and for her sake it is that I tolerate you enough to hold an acquaintance with you. But beyond these claims, you are not my wife. You never shall be."

His language, though decided, was not harsh. His tones, though firm and stern, were not malignant, and Clare Trevlyn knew he meant every syllable he uttered. Her cheek paled, and she trembled like

"No, Frederic! Unsay those cruel words! Remember an early wedded life; remember how happy, how trusting you were then. You loved me then, my husband."

Like music, sung by the siren of the fatal rocks, her low, liquid voice came to his ear, and her beautiful, melting eyes gazed affectionately in his own.

Clare Trevlyn had charmed him once, but her time had passed. "Never call me husband again, I com-

mand you!" he replied, almost fiercely, shaking her soft white hand from his arm. His words stung her to madness, and she

answered in her anger: "And you, whom the world thinks an enviable man, whom mammas and daughters look covetously upon-you, whose wife is disgraced, dishonored—can enjoy your freedom, your pleasure; can visit beauteous ladies, and whisper love-words in their ears."

" Clare !" Frederic Trevlyn fairly thundered the name. His face grew white with an ill-

suppressed passion as he proceeded. 'How dare you mention this subject? Remember, never another word on this

"You have not the power to silence me! I will speak, and inform you that my love, earnest though it was, can turn to hate! I can punish you, if I am what you declare you 'hate' and 'despise!""

She paused to await his reply, but he sternly regarded her in contemptuous silence. She spoke again, now wooing and

"Frederic, I am angry; I am saying what I should not say. Forgive me; and, oh, I pray you, love me again. Only let me be your happy wife again, and I will compass the wide earth to please you, to delight you. See, Frederic! Clare is penitently suing for your pardon and love!" She knelt humbly before him, but he

motioned her away. "Never, never! the hateful bands that unite us shall remain the same; if I wear the galling chains, they shall clank around your neck also. We will not be divorced, but we are not a married pair. You shall be answerable for every hour of sorrow and anguish you have forced upon me; you shall live here alone, secluded, to meditate on your sinfulness. Remove your arms; they pollute me. We are not even friends;

we are strangers." He snatched his foot from her hand, and with a contemptuous bow, withdrew. (To be Continued-Commenced in No. 12.)

#### Hints and Helps.

Night Air .- An extraordinary fallacy is the dread of night air. What air can we breathe at night but night air? The choice between pure night air from without and foul air from within. Most people prefer the latter. An unaccountable choice. What will they say, if it is proved to be true that fully one-half of all the diseases we suffer from are occasioned by people sleeping with their windows shut? An open window, most nights in the year, can never hurt any In great cities night air is often the best and purest air to be had in the twentyfour hours. I could better understand shutting the windows in town during the day than during the night, for the sake of the sick. The absence of smoke, the quiet, all tend to make night the best time for airing

One of our highest medical authorities has told me that the air of London is never so ood as after ten o'clock at night. Always air your room then from the outside air, if Windows are made to open, doors are made to shut—a truth which seems extremely difficult of apprehension, Every room must be aired from without—every passage from within. But the fewer passages there are in a hospital the better

Weather Signs.—The British Board of Trade have deemed the following "signs" reliable enough to warrant their publication for the benefit of mariners: "A bright yellow sky, in the evening, indicates wind, a pale yellow, wet; a neutral gray color constitutes a favorable sign in the evening, an unfavorable one in the morning. The clouds are full of meaning in themselves. If their forms are soft, undefined and feathery, the weather will be fine; if the edges are hard, sharp and definite, it will be foul. Generally speaking, any deep, unusual lines betoken wind or rain: while the more quiet and delicate tints bespeak fair weather."

Table Conversation .- You will find that a great deal of character is imparted and re-ceived at the table. Parents too often forget their food in sullen silence, instead of severely talking about others, let the conversation at the table be genial, kind, social and cheering. Don't bring disagreeable things to the table in your conversation, any more than you would in your dishes. For this reathan you would in your dishes. For this reason, too, the more good company you have at your table the better; for good company is an educator to the family. Hence the intelligence, refinement and appropriate behavior of a family given to hospitality. Never feel that intelligent visitors can be any thing but a blessing to you and yours. How few have fully gotten hold of the fact, that company and conversation at the table are no small and conversation at the table are no small

# SATURDAY



# JOURNAL.



NEW YORK, JUNE 18, 1870.

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BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

#### Contributors and Correspondents.

"THE AGE OF GOLD," poem, is very good. Will use, with some slight changes in phrase

ology.

"The Review of the Month," by J. G. M.,
Jr., we can not use. It is good, but is too purely critical in character for a people's paper.
Send it to one of the "literary weeklies." MS.

"THE SCHOOLBOY TRAGEDY" is rather boy-ish for print. MS. destroyed.

Poem "Fashionable Women" is not up to the mark. It is crude. The author should learn well the art of poetic expression and com-position before trying to write for the press.

"How Brill Got a Wife" is a very commonplace sort of a story. Nothing new in his way of doing things. The author narrates well, but must plot and plan with more originality.

"Mrs. Brown's Story" is not available. We do not use English stories. Can obtain such matter from the British periodicals, if we cared to avail ourselves of it—which we do not.

Will use essays "Brown Stone Fronts" and "CHARITY." They are very well pointed.
"THE HAUNTED WOOD," by J. A. T., we can not use. MS. not preserved, no stamps being inclosed.

"MARIAN MARGRAVE'S PREMONITION," by J., we can not use. MS. is not destroyed, as P., we can not use. MS. is not desauthor may find use for it elsewhere.

A. J. T. Yes, we are always glad to receive the little essays or "sermonettes," on home and heart themes, on life and conduct, on men and manners. Such little contributions often express much in a brief space, and are welcome to a place on our fourth page where meritorious enough for that honor.

"My Cottage Home," by S. W. P., we can not use. The poetry as poetry is rather of the machine order. Ditto poem "WHEN IN THE

R. T. B., Winchester, Va., can be supplied with the first nine numbers of this Journal for five cents per number.

Mrs. Theresa T. De V.'s communication on the "Woman Question" we do not care to use. While we are fast and firm friends of women, the are suspicious of the "movement" for suffrage and woman's rights. It has for some time been our opinion that the leaders of this move-ment were uneasy under the marriage bond, and ment were uneasy under the marriage fond, and would, sooner or later, come out boldly for making all "marriage" a mere arrangement or civil agreement, using Lucy Stone's arrangement with Mr. Blackwell as a type or precedent. This view, when expressed, has met a firm denial from the most of the friends of the movement; but, the evidences that it is a correct members and the second of the correct members and the second of the second of the correct members and the second of th ment; but, the evidences that it is a correct prophecy multiply so rapidly that further denial is useless. No careful observer, we think, can deny that an abrogation of the marriage-tie, as a life covenant, is one of the aims of the "reform." Mrs. Stanton, in her recent lecture "for ladies only," thus stated the question:

"Even these protracted divorce trials, with all their sickening details, are giving women new consage. to sunder the ties they loathe and abbor, and slowly but surely educating public sentiment to a true marriage relation."

"I think divorce at the will of the parties is not only right, but that it is a sin against nature, the family, the State, for a man and woman to live together in the marriage relation in continual antagonism, indifference, disgust."

"The Protestant world have never regarded marriage as an indissoluble tie; therefore it is no great stretch of the civil and religious conscience of our rulers to multiply the causes for divorce with advancing civilization."

g civilization.'' We can only add that we coincide with a leading morning paper which says: "If these views are to be made an integral part of the Women's Rights platform, the whole movement is irre-trievably lost." Better let that issue come up in the future, when woman has power, than to put it forward now, when, it is certain, the vast majority of people will be shocked at the assumption that such a "marriage" as Lucy

#### A STARTLING STORY OF THE SMOKY CITY! A STRANGE REVELATION !

We have the pleasure of announcing a new romance of great power of narrative, and striking of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, viz:

#### THE MASKED MINER;

The Iron-Merchant's Daughter.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER, AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL"; "THE SILKEN CORD.

Founded upon fact, this brilliant production of the favorite author's hand has remarkable elements of interest, both of persons and events, to enchain the

It is at once a love romance and a tragedy-a tale of mystery and fate-a story of honest poverty and purse-proud affluence. It gives us flashes of light own in the dark mines, and reveals certain phases of fashionable life with its mask off that will startle and amaze.

Dr. Turner as a story-teller is enchanting; his invention is ever surprising; his power to reproduce life is quite *Dore*-like; and this, his last, may be callest work. Written expressly for this paper, it will add to the already starlike brilliancy of these

THE MASKED MINER will commence in our next issue, No. 15, of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, THE MODEL WEEKLY OF AMERICA!

#### Foolscap Papers.

#### At the Elastic Springs.

HAVING lately been suffering from a severe attack of hot weather, my physicians (four of them,) recommended me to travel in search of my health, which they thought might be at some of the far-famed springs.

The idea suited me exactly, for I like to leave the familiar walks and go where people don't know me. You may think I have some reasons. Well, maybe I have. Seeing an advertisement in the morning paper of a remarkable spring, lately discovered in the interior of New York, whose waters were noted for their peculiar flavor, and also for their healing qualities, being good for every kind of disease except tight boots, and that they were perfectly free to all without money and almost without price, I concluded to give it a trial, enrouted, and in a week, by slow and not very easy railroad stages, arrived here safely. Invalids a little more confirmed than myself would have plenty of time to die ou the road.

The "season" had just set in, and I found that the landlord, while keeping an open house, was also keeping a full one. He told me the beds were all full on top and underneath, and that I could take my serene repose on the wash-stand of nights. I saw right off that this was a hotel where travelers must put up with every thing, so I exchanged spirits with Job (who, by the way, never stopped at one of our hotels), ate my supper, which consisted of light dishes and a napkin, took a couple of mintjuleps as a foundation for the spring water, and went to the spring.

I think I drank five glasses out of a tin cup before I stopped. It was so good-just like lemonade. Indeed, everybody said it was exactly like lemonade.

I never saw the like, and so I took another glass; then fearing it might not agree with me, I went back and took a glass of Bourbon to neutralize the water, but the water flew to my head in spite of all the spirits I could drink.

I am well sure it was the water, since the organization of my brain is very fine, and is easily affected. Went out on the promenade to enjoy the cool of the evening. Everybody was out there for a stroll.

I found that the water affected also my feet, which seemed very strange. Ran against a lady who was walking with an elderly gentleman, and then got up and asked her to apologize. Gent got mad and very insinuating. Lady denominated me a bar-berry-ian. Gent said I exhibited a good deal of looseness in my tightness, Saw I had better keep my mouth closed as tight as a Bible in a house where there is a checker-board, so I took it all; also took some soda, when I went back. Also took my stand, using a bar of soap for a pillow. Dance in the dining-room under me. String-band, very highly strung, playing something which would be a dirge if it was not so solemn. Hear a good many steps which are out of time; think some of the old gents are trying to step briskly, and it is too much for them. Finally, I go to sleep, and dream I am a hippopotamus-if that's the way you spell it - squeezed nearly to death inside of a silver thimble, severely watched by the blind eye of a needle through a microscope. Then I am a little angel learning to fly, but when I get to a certain hight, I reverse, and ascend with my feet foremost. Then I am a set of ninepins, continually getting knocked down. Then I fall into a jug, without even leaving my feet out, so people can tell where I am; and then, while I am trying to divine how I came so suddenly to be in some one's back yard, among the chicken-coops, with my arms full of chickens, all squalling, and the owner coming out the back door with a double-barreled shot-gun, I wake up with the sun and a headache; rise, pull off my boots and count them, wash my hair, and black my face, and with pleasure go out to take a drink-I mean of the water-trying to imagine whether people come here to get sick, or get sick for the purpose of coming here. I find the water has lost none of its splendidness, and inhale a large quantity, for I am very near being thirsty. I take about fourteen glasses, but then quit, as I don't wish to make a swine of myself. The water don't affect me so peculiarly this morning, which is strange.

The following is the bill of air here: Good coffee-there are grounds for say-

Soup-made by putting bread in said coffee.

Beefsteak, bully ! Fine old butter-scented. Hash—unsuspicious.

Biscuit, sorrowful. Bread, do-ugh! Milk, wet, and also sour-awful.

Eggs-well, I haven't eaten any very bad Vinegar, quite sweet.

Pudding, hasty. Do, slow. Salt, too much.

Pie-crust, very long. Servants, very short. For breakfast and supper, same bill, with the biggest part left out.

Of course people only come here for their health, especially the wives who tell their husbands that they are sick to come, and when they get here the unhealthiest of them positively don't eat more than three ordinary well persons might. The wives that attention to detail may not flag. In tasks if he is a stranger to himself!

invariably wear the best clothes; the husbands generally wear their last year's wardrobe with new buttons on.

I was particularly struck with one fine young man who wore the best clothes here. He told me he was pastor of a church in Wampum, and we stuck together very close on account of the faith-I being a halfbrother to his denomination, as my first wife was a "sister." When he went to start home, he told me his congregation had failed to send him funds, and asked me for fifty dollars till he could get home, when he would send it back, in three days at the furthest. Of course I let him have it, but his time is up, and there has been a little delay. My landlord is wanting his money, which can't be paid till I get it, as I gave the pastor all I had. I don't know what the bill is, but the card says the terms are

reasonable I turned my shirt this morning, as I brought no extra baggage, and the snowiness of it was somewhat faded.

On dit. Frederic Fitzwhollop killed a toad which had nearly fatally scared Miss Maria McKizzick, and a wedding is on the tapis, if you know what that is.

Flirtation is all the rage among the young folks here. I got quite interested in a young lady, but when I met her on the promenade yesterday, I lifted my hat, and my wig fell to the ground. She picked it up, smiling, and handed it to me, saying -'It is your hair, not your heart, that you lay at my feet." I told her to keep it, and went and took a drink-of water.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

P. S. Friday. The landlord told me my bill was "six dollars a-day, and servants what you please," and also said he intended to keep me till I pay it. And I have only one suit of clothes! Heard nothing from the parson yet. Talk about summer resorts! This is the last resort for

P. S. S. Saturday. Having heard a queer noise over my room every night, I went up in the garret this morning to see what it was, and there I found a fellow pumping water into a vat, and another throwing in lemons and sugar. The vat was connected with the spring by a pipe which ran underground. N. B. The land lord told me, a little bit ago, that my bill was all paid, and for as much longer as I had a mind to remain.

P. P. S. S. Sunday. Slipped up and dropped one quart good whisky in tank. Consequence-strange sensation in church this morning-much scandal to sober hus-W. W. bands and sedate wives.

#### BROWN STONE FRONTS.

I used to think how nice it would be to own a "brown-stone front" up-town, and all the perquisites, such as splendid turnouts, silver plate, and, well-plenty of stamos!

But, always following this train of thought, came the question : would you be happier? And I confess, after trying all stincts of the animal races; and yet there manner of ways to dodge it, I felt convinc- seems to be some ground for the remark of ed happiness-true happiness-did not a witty French writer, that when a man necessarily and often live and flourish in "brown-stone fronts."

And I felt convinced riches could not buy that which the most humble do possess -that which makes life for what it was given us-health and contentment.

Let us take a peep into the less pretentious cottage, that a brown-stone belle would call "so small and mean; not room enough to turn round in." There we find the young wife busily engaged in doing her own housework. Every thing has an air of neatness.

There may have been times when a little overwork was needed to keep the home cheerful; but love lightened and health strengthened, and there was scarcely a note of the increased duties.

She cares nothing for the latest fashions -" that love of a bonnet"-the coming conquests at Long Branch, and all the other petty follies and tyrannies of the age.

Her whole time, her whole heart wrapped up in her home, her husband, her children, she has no sympathy for and nc part in "Babylon." She lives on and in a sphere of purity and simplicity that strengthens the soul, and fits both the man and the woman that are one for their duties -a sphere that is rarely known in brownstone fronts, and which neither "position nor money can buy.

CAPT. DALTON.

#### HINTS TO YOUNG WRITERS. III.

In this paper we propose to give a few hints regarding sketches, tales, serials, etc. -in what their attractions should lie, and points to be observed in their composition. There is a great deal sometimes in the beginning of a tale. Sometimes it seems as if a chapter or two had been lopped off; at others as if many had been tacked on to lengthen out the narration. We don't pretend to give any advice as to how a tale should begin. This lies in the writer's power, whether a tragedy should usher us into its pages, or a love-scene should chain us with its beauty, or a comic train of thought should rouse the risible faculties; there are countless ways of beginning a tale. Let the writer choose the way which great only as he knows that he is able to seems most natural and most suited to the events that follow.

Then as to the tale itself. The writer should try to keep up the interest all through,

fact, it is in detail the greatest powers of a novelist or serial writer lies. If he can only work out the detail naturally and with interest, the plot will be successful in its issue, and pleasing to the reader. While you endeavor to give life and vigor to each chapter, and to each page, see that what you write is a necessary part of the whole-that it falls in well with its surroundings, as well as is conducive to the interest of the entire

narrative. In conversation especially endeavor to be natural, Here, if nowhere else, should what is said be apposite, interesting and to the point. Take care to make an Irishman partial to the brogue, the hardy Scotchman to his rough and broad tongue, and the jolly Englishman to his hearty, manly syllables.

Let the Yankee be known at a glance, and the ranger in imagination stand be-

fore us. Take care not to moralize too much in a tale. It doesn't come in well, and is generally skipped, especially by young readers. If you wish in your tale to embody some grand moral principle, intended for older heads, of course in such a case moralizing is a necessary feature, and should predominate. But in face of all this the great thing a reader looks for in a tale is fact, and such he should get in varied and unstinted abundance, no effort being made to spin out in superfluous detail, what may lose half its interest by being subjected to such treatment. Never get on a rambling excursion. Don't let any thing be introduced which might as well be left out. Yet attend carefully to detail. Lastly we would say, be natural. Granted that half the serials written in our day are overdrawn pictures of overdrawn and frequently impossible events, still even such can be toned down, and should be by those to whom it would be very little labor and would be a great improvement. For, independent of the pernicious moral influence it exercises, it is no boon to literature. Two of the greatest (if not the two greatest) novelists, Scott and Dickens, are the most free from improper sensation, which is too much the aim of novelists of the present day, that what is otherwise poorly written may take the better by its sensational tone.

"EXCELSIOR."

#### THE JUDGMENTS OF WOMEN.

THE intuitive judgments of women are often more to be relied upon than conclusions which we reach by an elaborate process of reasoning. No man that has an intelligent wife, or is accustomed to the society of educated women, will dispute this. Times without number you must have known them to decide questions on the instant, and with unerring accuracy, which you had been poring over for hours, perhaps with no other result than to find yourself getting deeper and deeper into the tangled maze of difficulties. It were hardly generous to allege that they achieve these feats less by reasoning than a sort of sagacity that approximates to the sure inhas toiled, step by step up a flight of stairs, he will be sure to find a woman at the top; but she will not be able to tell how she got there. How she got there, however, is of little moment. If the conclusions a woman has reached are sound, that is all that concerns us. And that they are very apt to be very sound on the practical matters of domestic and secular life, nothing but prejudice and self-conceit can prevent us from acknowledging. The inference, therefore, is unavoidable, that the man who thinks it beneath his dignity to take counsel with an intelligent wife, stands in his own light, and betrays that lack of judgment which he tacitly attributes to her.

#### SELF-CONFIDENCE.

WHEN a crisis befalls you, and the emergency requires moral courage and manhood to meet it, be equal to the requirements of the moment and rise superior to the obstacles in your path. The universal testimony of men whose experience exactly coincides with yours furnishes the consoling reflection that difficulties may be ended by opposition. There is no blessing equal to the possession of a stout heart. The magnitude of the danger needs nothing more than a greater effort than ever at your hand. If you prove recreant in the hour of trial you are the worst of recreants, amd deserve no compassion.

Be not dismayed nor unmanned when you should be bold and daring, unflinching and resolute. The cloud, whose threatening murmurs you hear with dread, is pregnant with blessing, and the frown, whose sternness makes you shudder and tremble, will ere long be succeeded by a smile of bewitching sweetness and benignity. Then be strong and manly, oppose equal forces to open difficulties, keep a stiff upper lip, and trust in Providence. Greatness can only be achieved by those who are tried. The condition of that achievement is confidence in one's self.

"The lives of great men all remind us" that nought is to be accomplished without full and implicit confidence in self. It is that confidence which makes a man a hero and a worker. The great statesman is accomplish great results. If he lacked confidence in himself he certainly would fail in all his undertakings. So, with even the humble worker: he will fail in all his

#### WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW.

BY OUR JOHNNY.

I'd like to know of "the boy who stood Upon the burning deck,"
If he'd had a chance to save his life Would he have perished in that wreck?

I'd like to know of "the youth that bore The banner of strange device," If he thought himself Excelsior, When he slept on that bed of ice?

I'd like to know of "the man who fought With the sword of Bunker Hill," If, on his death-bed, came the thought Of the lives that sword did kill?

I'd like to know of the man who wrote "A life on the ocean wave,"

If he'd thought the same in a capsized boat,

Or a rest in a watery grave?

#### City Life Sketches.

#### BEPPO. The Organ-Grinder.

BY AGILE PENNE.

In a small apartment on the fourth floor of a tenement-house in Cherry street, not many blocks from Market, sat two people, a man of forty, or thereabouts, and a girl of

The apartment was but scantily furnished. The house in which it was situated was occupied entirely by Italians-organ-grinders,

image-makers, etc. It was to all intents and purposes an Italian colony.

The hand-organ, carefully placed in one corner of the apartment that we have men-tioned, told that the occupant of the room belonged to that strange class, so peculiar to

large cities, and who are seldom found outside of them, termed organ-grinders.

The man of forty, who sat in the room, was called Beppo, and his neighbors further added the descriptive surname, "the Organgrinder"; for Beppo's last name he kept to

The organ-grinder was tall and strongly-limbed. His iron-gray hair hung in tangled masses down upon his shoulders. A long beard, of the same hue as his hair, concealed the lower portion of his face. A glorious head was that of the organ-grinder, worthy the pencil of the artist.

The face of the Italian was deeply lined by Time's relentless hand. Care and sorrow had targed the once early glance of the even

had tamed the once eagle glance of the eye, and furrowed many a wrinkle on the brow.

The girl who sat by the side of the organgrinder was his daughter, by name Bianca.

A girl with great black eyes, full of lustrous
fire; the skin of the rich olive tint that tells of the warm kisses of the southern sun. A beautiful girl was Bianca, and many a glance she received as she went daily to her work —she was a seamstress—or as she returned home to her humble lodgings after her daily

toil was done. Beppo was a puzzle to his neighbors. A strange, silent man was he, who sought not company, and shunned friendship even with those who spoke his tongue, and had first seen the light beneath the sunny skies of far

Bianca, too, was like her father, and did not mingle with the inmates of the house wherein she resided. And many a conversation took place among the Italian neighbors of the organ-grinder, when seated over their light wines in the little Italian saloon in the basement of the tenement-house, as to the reason why Beppo, the organ-grinder, and his daughter, kept themselves to themselves and did not mingle with their neighbors.

A lamp is burning in the room of Beppo for it is night. By its light the Itelian is reading aloud to his daughter. Coming to the end of the volume—Dante's masterpiece—Beppo laid down the book.

"Oh, father," said the girl, with a sigh, shall I ever see my native land again-dear

I can not tell, my child," answered the le, sadly. "I fear not. At least, not exile, sadly. "I fear not. At least, not while I live, unless you go without me."
"No, no, father; I would not willingly do that!" cried the girl. "But, why can not you return to Italy?"

"Have I not told you that I can not?" asked Beppo, and as he spoke his brow was

"Yes, and you have also told me that you loved Italy beyond all climes that you could

never be happy until you slept beneath its "I told you truth, my child," answered Beppo. "Awake or asleep, the land of my childhood is always before me; and yet, fate wills it that my foot never again shall press

But why, father ?" questioned the girl. "Bianca, a price is set upon my lif plied Beppo; "my head in Rome, to-day, were worth a thousand golden crowns." You, my father, a criminal!

Bianca, with tears in her large black eyes. No, my child, not a criminal, though a price has been set upon my head, and I have been forced to fly like a felon from my na-tive land. Sometime I will tell you all; and lieve me, child, there is nothing in the past life of your father to cause you to blush that

Father, I met Giacomo again to-day. He told me to tell you that he was coming to see you to night," said Bianca, changing the

I can not understand why Giacomo per sists in forcing his friendship upon me," said Beppo, with a moody air. "I have already told him that his visits are distasteful. can not he comprehend my words and keep away?"
"Father, he told me to-day that he loved

me and wanted me for his wife." "Is it possible?" cried Beppo, in astonishment. "You—my daughter, the wife of such a cur as he is! You, in whose veins runs the best blood of—but he can not guess that, of course," and Beppo's voice sunk into

a whisper.
"I did not answer him, father; then he said that he would come and see you to-

night," said the girl.
"Let him; I'll answer him, speedily," said Beppo, in a tone that boded but ill-success to the wooing of the Italian image-

Then there came a light, catlike tap at the "That is Giacomo," said the organ-grind-knitting his brows. "Go into the other er, knitting his brows. "Go into the other room, my child; it will not take long for me

Bianca arose and without a word left the Beppo went to the door and opened it.

to dispose of master Giacomo



The man who had knocked entered the

In person he was a little, lithe fellow, with a heavy beard, black as night. He was not old—barely thirty. There was an expression of shrewd cunning upon his clearly-cut,

olive-tinged features.

"Good-evening, neighbor Beppo," said the stranger, who was the man known as Giacomo Petrucca, the image-maker.

"Good-evening," responded Beppo.
"By your leave, I will sit down," said Giaomo, helping himself to a chair. I have come upon important business to-night, Signor Beppo," he continued. You have a very lovely daughter—Bianca. I want a wife, and I have admired your daughter ever since I made her acquaintance a month ago. I come to ask you to give me your daughter

Beyond a slight movement of the eyes, Beppo's impassible face showed no sign as whether he was pleased or displeased with the frank speech of the young Italian, which was given in a somewhat insolent

way.

"I feel honored by your offer, but I must decline," said Beppo, dryly.

"Decline!" cried Giacomo, an angry glit-

ter in his eyes.

"Yes, decline," repeated Beppo.

"You had better not!" said Giacomo, with menace in his tones.

Why not?" Beppo's face showed plain-

ly his rising anger.
"Because you will repent it, and I'll tell you why," said Giacomo, with a look of

triumph. Beppo felt a sudden chill as if he had

trodden on a snake. He cast a searching glance into the face of the young man.

"I'm going to tell you a little Roman story," said Giacomo, with a meaning look.

"Eighteen years ago in Rome there lived a dashing young nobleman, named Rafael Villani. He fell in love with a young lady, named Bianca Orsini, and ran away with and married her, despite her relatives—the great Orsini family—who opposed the match. The young couple had been married her despite the Orsini ried scarcely two months, when the Orsini family, through their powerful political con-nections, had the young husband, Count Villani, accused of treason and thrown into There he remained about a year, when he managed to escape. He fled to the country villa where he had left his wife. During his imprisonment, his child—a daughter—was born. Folded in his wife's arms he was surprised by her brother, Count Orsini. A ball from the brother's pistol, intended for the husband, pierced the wife's heart. Maddened by the blood of her he loved, the husband drew his rapier, and after a short but desperate fight passed it through the lungs of the brother, wounding him mortally. Then the husband seized his child and fled. The Orsini family accused him of the murder of both the brother, and him of the murder of both the brother and the sister. A reward was set upon his head. But, from that day to this, Rafael Villani has never been discovered. Now, after this little story, don't you think that you can change your mind and give me your daugh-

ter for a wife?"
"Why should I do so?" asked Beppo,
whose countenance betrayed traces of strong

"Simply that the Roman Government. even at this late day, would probably rejoice to get their hands upon the murderer, for whose arrest a thousand gold crowns were offered, and that Beppo, the organ-grinder, is the fugitive Count Rafael Villani."

"You can not prove it!" gasped Beppo.
"Yes I can," replied the Italian; "yo have altered somewhat, but, there ar plenty in Italy to swear to your identity, once you are there. I will give you about twenty minutes to make up your mind Meanwhile I'll wait for you in my room. below. In twenty minutes come to me, or I'll come to you, with the officers of justice at my back." And, with a smile of triumph, the Italian left the room

Beppo groaned aloud in agony. He felt a light pressure upon his shoulder, and, looking up, he beheld Bianca standing at his side.

He surmised that the girl knew all.

"You have overheard?" he said.

"Yes," she replied, in a firm tone; "to save your life I will become this man's wife."

"Oh, it is a terrible sacrifice!" he cried, in Better than to have you perish on the

scaffold, father," she said, gently.
"I have striven to hide myself—to disguise

my identity—but the longing to live where I could hear the sound of my native language has given me into this man's power. "Go, father, at once, and tell him that I

With a heavy heart, Beppo departed on his errand. He descended to the floor below and knocked at the door of Giacomo's A hoarse voice, that was strange to his

ear, asked: "Who is there?"
"It is I, Beppo, the organ-grinder," the Italian answered For a moment there was silence; then the

hoarse voice bade him enter.

Beppo entered the room and a strange sight met his eyes. Four men were in the room, all in black

masks, through which shone gleaming eyes. In one corner of the room was a black bundle, tied with cords, which to the fear-stricken eyes of Beppo bore a horrible resemblance to a human figure, but Giacomo was not to

"Welcome," said one of the masked figures, who was evidently the chief of the r. "You have come timely. We need a dge and you shall fill the office. You are an Italian, and love your country; therefore you can easily do justice

"But, sirs—" cried Beppo, in alarm.
"Do not speak, but listen," said the mask-One day, in an Italian city, some hundred brave hearts assembled together and bound themselves by fearful oaths to free their country from the rule of the tyrant. They took the oath of the Carbonari-of that secret society, that, springing from the charcoal-burners of the forest, has made the thrones of Europe quake with fear. One of these hundred men was a craven traitor. False to the oath that he swore, he betrayed his brothers, gave them to the scaffold and the ax. Their warm young blood reddens his hands. What should be his fate?"
"Death!" answered Beppo, firmly. He

answered Beppo, firmly. He was a true Italian Good!" cried the masked man, while a stifled groan came from the black bundle bound with cords. "Count Rafael Villani, you can return to Italy; the State at last has done you tardy justice and pardoned you. Here is your pardon," and the Mask gave Beppo the paper that was stamped with the broad Papal seal. "A knave was intrusted

with it to bear across the sea, and discover your abode. He concealed this knowledge from you and sought to marry your daughter, so as to inherit your estate now restored to you. A second time he played the traitor. But the strong arm of the Carbonari has struck him. Some of the hundred who struck him. Some of the hundred who were betrayed by this hound, escaped the slaughter, and found safety beneath the eagle's wing. The traitor was recognized, tracked, and now his fate is sealed. Go; and in Italy do not forget, if the time ever comes when you can help a patriot, whose only fault is love for his native land, that the Carbonari helped you in a far-off clime."

Beppo left the room. The next morning, in his room, the dead body of Giacomo, the pretended imagemaker, was found. But a single wound was on the body—a single stab through the

Count Rafael Villani and his daughter Bianca returned to Italy, and again took possession of the estate that had so long been kept from them; and few of the Amer ican visitors in Rome who partake of the splendid hospitality of Count Rafael, would believe that their host had once been known in New York City as Beppo, the organ-

#### The Key of the Convent. A SEQUEL TO THE LOVE TEST.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

In the beautiful bay of Havana is anchored a craft, of, apparently, about two hundred tons. Her clean clipper build, with the neat trim of her spars and rigging, bespeak the gentleman's yacht. Her sails, though stowed, gentleman's yacht. Her sails, though stowed, show that when set they would be laced to both gaff and boom. This with certain other peculiarities of rig, proclaim her to be an American. English, they would be attached only to the gaff. And still other, and slighter, idiosyncrasies, suggest that she is a New York.

Her white, polished decks, the brightly-burnished binnacle, and trimly-coiled cables, tell her owner to be a man of taste. This would be more than confirmed, on entering her cabin; where wealth and elegance seem to have struggled as to which should have the credit of its ornamentation.

"Pardon me, Henry. I didn't mean it universally—only in a general sense. You must acknowledge, yourself, there are not many women so constant as Ysabel Vallejo; perhaps not many who loved as she."

There are few, either men or women, who can resist flattery, if it come clothed in the semblance of truth; and as Henry Clinton's cheek returned to the support of the cushion, there was a flush upon it, that told of a relief to the bitterness of his spirit.

Still further to relieve him his counselor

"For my part, I don't see why you should be in such despair. If Ysabel has taken the black vail, it doesn't follow that she should forever wear it. I'm not much acquainted with convent customs; but there may be ways of obtaining a divorce from this mar-riage, as they call it, of to-day."

"Jerome, you shock me!" cried Clinton,

this time rising to his feet, "you shock and pain me. You know that I've been brought up in a strict observance of religion; and though not that of Rome, there are thoughts alike sacred to all creeds."

"You mistake me, Clinton. I had no intention in what I said either to shock or pain you. And though I may have clothed my thoughts in rather queer language—I admit having done so—it was because I wish to talk common-sense. Listen till I explain myself."

The owner of the yacht sunk back upon his couch, without saying a word, and in a way that signified his willingness to hear the

"Of course," continued his friend, "as I've told you, I know very little about nuns or nunneries, even less than yourself, and still less about those in Roman Catholic countries. If Ysabel Vallejo were immured in a New York convent—St. Vincent's or the Sacred Heart, for instance—and under like circumstances, there would be no great difficulty in getting her out, I should think—that is, now. In times to come it may not be so easy, if we Americans do not take strong steps against this new Jesuitism that, sent from Rome, and secretly supported by all the crowned heads of Europe, threatens to sap the pillars of our Republic. Excuse me, Clinton; I know you are not in a mood to talk politics; but frivolous as you may think me, I as an American, and I hope a loyal one, can not help giving expression to a thought suggested by present circum-stances. To you there is a more important

trifled with thoughts more powerful than my own—affections far truer. I have trampled upon the delicate chain that bound our two hearts together. Oh God! I may have sev-

ered its links, never again to be united."
"Romantic talk, Clinton! Nor you, nor any other man, can sever the links of that chain. Nor can any power upon earth destroy it. If I'm to judge by my experience, the more you tread upon, the stronger it becomes. The very fact of Ysabel Vallejo having forsaken the world, and its pleasures -such pleasures, too-solely because she could not enjoy them with you, should not this satisfy you? Come, Clinton! it's no use talking high sentiment any longer. Let us descend to the common-sense of everyday life. You want your sweetheart out of the conventual clutch. No doubt it would be easy enough, if she were only a poor girl, with no expectations, But these cunning disciples of Loyola look to Madame Vallejo, who, although an American, appears to have become one of their most devoted adherents. Last time I saw her she voted adherents. Last time I saw her she talked crazy on the subject, trying to convert me—me! They are looking to her last will and testament, by which they hope to wheedle her out of her great wealth; for this is the grand secret of their growth and strength. It is the only thing to fear. But half a million of dollars, advoitly spent, may thwart their design, and not only bring her daughter back to the world, but save the senora herself from being plundered."

"Dear, dear friend! You speak words of comfort."

"And I shall do a deed to comfort you, Harry. I have already done one that has given you much misery. True it was against my own will, and counsel too. No use talking of it now. I must try to repair the loss, by showing like energy in contributing to your happiness. In this I think I shall succeed; but, as I've told you, Clinton, it is a question of expense."

"Expense! Jerome, don't talk of that. Take this check-book on the Bank of Havana. It gives me credit for a million of dollars. I indorse you as drawer. If this be not enough, I can contrive to double the amount—ay, treble it, to exchange one word with Ysabel Vallejo!"

As Clinton spoke, he plucked a pen from its inkstand, and wrote on the check-book the transference of his authority to the name, JEROME VAN VLIET."

Pues senor!" he said, "I can not help pitying that poor young nina. She looked so sad. I'm good as sure she wasn't consenting to it. That is often the case you know. The padres get round the mothers, and wheedle them out of their daughters; but only the rich ones. They don't care for muchacha pobres; for that wouldn't bring much meal to their mill. Caspita! wouldn't wonder if it was all the senora's

"What!" said Van Vliet, who up to this time had paid little heed to what the comisario was saying. "Do you think the young lady's mother put any pressure upon her to take this step?'

'Well, cavallero, I couldn't say for that certain. You are no doubt a friend of the family, and know better than I. I only speak from report. Every one knows that the Senora Vallejo is terribly apadreado."
"Under the influence of the priests, you

"Por Dios; so people say, senor. As for the nina herself there were scores of our best young men who'd have given half their lives for a smile of her sweet lips. But she only cared for her sweetheart who perished at sea, and that's why she's consented to be locked up in the gloomy baracoon. So people say, though it mightn't be for all that, senor. There's more than one pretty muchacha in there who'd be glad to get out again; for I've heard as much from the gate-keeper of the convent, who is my granduncle. Carrambo / if it were sweetheart or sister of mine, and I thought she didn't like it, I'd have her out if it brought me to the

'Have her out!" repeated Van Vliet, looking askance at the comisario, and with an air that bespoke keen interest in what the man had said. "You are jesting, my man!" "No, senor; I'm in earnest. Who wouldn't be, to think of a beautiful young girl and innocent as a dove shut up all her life in a dull cage like that. Carrai! The thought's enough to take the merriment out of a

mountebank."

"But you talk of taking a nun out of a convent! Isn't that a jest? Why the governor-general couldn't do it."

"Maybe not, senor; but for all that, I

know a poor street comisario who could. As to the Senorita Vallejo, her being shut up is no affair of mine. But here we are, where I promised to bring you. That is her mother's

They had stopped in front of a handsome mansion, standing a little retired from the street, and shaded with tropical shrubbery through which could be seen a grand doorway, with the door close shut.

"The casa Vallejo," said the guide, pointing to it. "Do you dismiss me here, senor? Or shall I wait till you come out? You may wish to see other sights of our beautiful city?"
"Wait!" said the stranger, as he turned into the shelled walk that led toward the

ponderous puerta.

A house of Spano-Moriscan architecture, with its inclosed court-yard (patio) shut in by a long gallery and gate from all outward intrusion, with the light of a Southern sky falling from above, and playing with a fountain jet whose spray is flung over the leaves of the lime, and other tropical evergreens.

In the open yeranda, running half round this cool court, a lady is seated. She is but little beyond mid age, though looking older from the somber shade of her dress, and the traces of some recent bereavement strongly stamped upon her countenance. It is the Senora Vallejo, who has, that day, in the convent of Santa Catalina, beheld her only daughter dedicated to Christ—evermore to

It would be strange if she were not sad; and she is.

Standing in the gallery beside her, is one who seems to be administering comfort: a man dressed in full sacerdotal robes, of the costume of a secular clergy—in short, a Roman Catholic priest. Holding in his hand a long shovel shaped hat, he is bending in front of her with an air half-humble, halfauthoritative. 'You have given her to God," he said.

"And what greater privilege could there be in this world. In the next, senora, you will have your reward, and share it with your daughter. Do not grieve, then, or repent of what you have done. That would be

"I do not repent, father; but how can I restrain myself from sorrow, when I think of my dear Ysabel, gone from me forever?" Gone from you forever! No! not for-r. Only for a brief space of time, to be afterward your companion through all

Simultaneous with the word "eternity" came a knock at the street door; which caused both senora and priest to start—the latter looking somewhat chagrined at being thus disturbed. In that hour, when the mother's heart was weakened with grief, he was designing to strengthen the fulcrum of that spiritual lever, by which she might afterward be easily managed.

A gentleman-a stranger!" announced the puerto-cochero.
"Your mistress can not see him," said the

priest, turning brusquely toward the ser-He says he is an old friend of the senora

-from Los Estados Unidos."
"Ah! Perhaps from New York!" exclaimed the lady, rising to her feet; and in the memory of her free native land, showing a determination to act independently of the will of the ecclesiastic

Si, senora," rejoined the domestic. "Nueva-York, he said." "I must see him, father; I have friends there who are still dear to me. Show him

The padre, with a displeased expression upon his cadaverous countenance, retired to an inner room; while the senora remained

on the veranda, waiting the announced vis-She was already pale; but became paler on perceiving who it was—starting as if a spirit had suddenly appeared before her.

"You, Mr. Van Vliet! It is so long since

I have seen you! It is as if you came from the other world!" have come, senora, from one who might better answer your description."
"From whom, Mr. Van Vliet? What

"Only, Madame Vallejo, that he who was to have been your son-in-law—Henry Clinton—is still in this world—he still lives!"

The lady, who had risen from her chair to receive her visitor, stood gazing upon him with a look of wild incredulity.

"Is this true?" she cried, gasping out the words. "Lerome Yen Villes.

" Jerome Van Vliet, are you mock-



"HENRY-YSABEL!"-See "Key of the Convent,"

A stranger entering it at the hour on which commences our tale (perhaps rather should we say, is continued) would not stand long gazing on its luxurious appointments. In a moment would his eye be arrested, and become fixed upon two individuals who are

One of these is reclining upon a sofa-couch; not in indolent ease, but with an expression upon his face that betokens pain. There is no hue, or other sign of ill health. the contrary, he thus recumbentyouth of noble aspect—both in face and figure, shows all the strength and vigor of vir-If struck down for a moment, the

blow is evidently not physical, but mental. The other occupant of the cabin—his se nior by some seven or eight years—is seated rected to the sufferer, is endeavoring to comfort him. Why, and against what misformay be gathered from the dialogue already begun, and now going on between

"Hopeless! Oh God, hopeless!" groaned he upon the sofa. "'Tis kind of you, Jerome. I thank you, but I know you only mean it to console me in this the bitterest hour of Hopeless-hopeless!"

"I do mean it for that purpose. But not as you imagine, Henry Clinton. For my part, I see nothing hopeless about it. There's always hope where there's life, and both of

'No-no! she is dead-to the world as to I care not now how soon I go to my me. not punishment hereafter. It can not be

greater than that I suffer here.' "Come, come, Clinton! be a man. You are a native of New York city, with its best and noblest blood in your veins, and you know we are not the sort to succumb to cowardly despair. If Ysabel Vallejo has buried herself in the cloisters of a convent, you know the reason why. The very knowlyou with joy, instead of grieving.'

"Yes, joy. I repeat it. 'Tis not every man for whom fickle woman would make such sacrifice!'

'Van Vliet!" cried Clinton, half raising himself from the sofa. "As you value my friendship, don't again speak of woman in that strain. The curse now resting on me has come from such suspicion, and should tell you how untrue it is." question: Can Ysabel Vallejo be got clear of the convent of Santa Catalina?"
"Hopeless — hopeless!" again

again groaned "I have visited the convents of Europe, and especially Spain, whose laws are the same as here in Havana. A nun who as taken the black vail is forever lost to he friends, as to the world. Royalty itself could not command her to be set free. Only the Pope can absolve her from the sacrament of dedication.

And suppose the Pope can?" "I understand you, Jerome. But what influence should I have—a Protestant—in his eyes a heretic?"

You have money—millions! "I have. And would give the last dollar of them—ay, sweep the streets of New York in front of my own fine house, if I could only go home at night to an humble tenement, and find Ysabel with open arms waiting to receive me! Don't talk of money, Van Vliet. It makes me feel how poor a power it is, when weighed against injustice against the wickedness I have done. that I had listened to your wiser counsel, when you warned me of a danger. True it was worse than this, but this has been

enough for my ruin.' Then listen to it now, and there need be no ruin. I believe, that getting Ysabel Vallejo out of this country is simply a question of expense. You say you are willing to dis-burse freely?"

"To the extent of ten millions of dollars. That is about the value of my property."

The twentieth part will suffice—perhaps less. It is a case that need not be carried all the way to Rome. The hierarchs of Havana, breathing the free atmosphere of our western world, are not so closely allied to the Vatican. Half a million will make them independent, in the disposal of souls, as well as bodies. Authorize me to spend this sum, and I think I can promise, that you shall once more embrace Ysabel Vallejo."

'As my wife?" "As your wife; ay, and wedded by the same priests you saw this day dedicating her to her Savior

"Jerome! is the thing possible? Or are you deceiving me? Pardon me for doubting you. But you see that under this terri-ble suffering I am not myself. Even supposing that money could gain over the su-periors of the convent, what of Ysabel herself? You do not know her as I. In what I supposed my plenitude of power, I have

A yacht's gig, rowed by two clean-looking tars, is cleaving its way across the harbor of Havana, stem shoreward. A gentleman, in tiller-ropes in hand, and guiding the craft

tiller-ropes in hand, and guiding the tractionard a particular landing-place.

Once ashore, he is left by the sailors; who, as if under an order previously given, pull back to the yacht.

The gentleman stands looking inquiringly around him. Not for long. A shoreman, wearing the dress of a street-guide, or "comisario," approaches, and the greeting ex-changed, tells that he is the individual for whom the gentleman's eyes have wandered inquiringly through the crowd of sailors hack-drivers, and porters swarming upon the wharf. It is the same who, on that morning, had been engaged to conduct Henry Clinton and Jerome Van Vliet to the home of the Senora Vallejo.

They did not reach it. They never went beyond the convent, into the vestibule of which the guide invited them; and out of which he saw one of them stagger, apparently intoxicated.

In astonishment, he inquired the cause receiving only a hasty evasive answer from the elder of the two. The younger had been struck by a sudden illness, arising from an affection of the heart—palpitation! This was how his companion explained it. explanation did not quite satisfy Christoforo Culares—such was the comisario's name—but a double fee hindered him from intruding his curiosity on the strangers.

It became revived again, as Jerome Van Vliet, once more landing, made a request for "Un medico?" said he, thinking that a doctor must certainly be the thing now

No," answered the stranger. "Nothing of the kind. I want you to complete your commission of the morning, and take me to the house of the Senora Vallejo." Nos vamos, cavallero!

The two started along the streets, as before; the stranger buried in deep medita-tion, the comisario tortured by curiosity, but, true to the instincts of his craft, cleverly Their route, as before, led past the con-

vent, in which Ysabel Vallejo had been that morning immured. The sight of it gave Cristoforo Culares a chance to introduce the subject whose mystery had been all day tormenting him.

"No mockery, madame. The story of Henry Clinton's death proves to have been a mistake-a mere canard, such as often makes its way into the newspapers-French as well as American. I know that my friend is still alive. I have seen him within the hour."

"He is here then?" "He is."

"Oh! my daughter-my poor Ysabel!" "What of her? I hope no misfortune has happened. She still lives?"

"No, no! she is dead! She has become the inmate of a convent. She has this day been dedicated!"

"Senora! it is sinful of you to speak thus," interposed the priest, gliding out from the shadowy chamber where he had ensconced himself to listen. "Our Holy Church is scandalized by such talk. In the discharge of my duty I can not stay here and listen to

"Does any one hinder you from withdrawing?" inquired Van Vliet, returning the seowl with which the ecclesiastic regarded

"Oh Mr. Van Vliet!" cried the senora, seeming all at once overcome with fear. "Do not speak thus to the worthy cura of St. Ignacio. He is my confessor."

"Cavallero!" said the priest, in a tone of insolent authority, "you appear to be intruding upon this gentle lady. And as it is a question of our Holy Faith, I must insist on your withdrawing.

Van Vliet looked astounded; then toward Madame Vallejo, once his acquaintance, though never upon terms of intimacy. Was he to go or stay? He could see no sign to

direct him. As if under some fear, or fascination, the features of the lady remained perfectly immobile. But this was enough to determine him; and bowing himself out of her presence, he disappeared down the shadowy saguan; leaving the weak woman in the hands of her spiritual adviser.

On the street he rejoined Cristoforo Culares; and before parting with the guide he gave him good reasons for meeting him again.

Reader, has it ever been your opportunity to peep into the cloister cell of a convent? I fancy not. It is a privilege accorded to but few men-even those wearing the sacerdotal robe on their shoulders.

And yet has it been mine-scores of times -for reasons it is not necessary to tell you of. But I may describe to you one of those quaint little chambers, shut in between massive walls; not even ornamented with paper, but plainly plastered, scarce eight feet square, with a little white counterpaned cot in the corner, on which sleeps virginity itself; here and there a niche containing the statue of saint, or crucified Savior; a single chair; a miniature table, on which lies the bit of unfinished embroidery, intended for the decoration of some monastic vestment; all lit up by a little window, admitting only a subdued light, and more resembling the embrasure intended for a piece of ordnance.

Within such a convent chamber, and in just such a light, a nun is seated. She is young, and despite the sad expression upon her face, exquisitely beautiful. There is a slight tinge of red upon her cheeks, relieving their general pallor. It is the same she wore before the altar, where on that morning she has been made a bride. It is like the last roseate touch of the sun, lingering on the summit of some snow-crowned mountain, when gone leaving all cold behind it; for it was a bridal in which her heart had no happiness. It only recalled the thoughts of another bridal more consonant with her inclinings, that might have taken place about that very time, but for the cruel chance that despoiled her of him

who should have been the bridegroom. As Sister Dolores-for such was now the name of Ysabel Vallejo-sat in her silent cloister-for the time forsaken by the novitiates who had acted as her tiremaids who could blame her for reflecting on the past, happy as sad-who chide her for thinking of that great gay city of the North? There the whole sunlight of her life seemed to concentrate in a flood of soft, ethereal light

—the light of her only love! She did think of it; and then, as if awed at thus permitting mortal thoughts to intrude upon the pure spiritual existence to which she had that day vowed devotion, she sunk repentant upon her knees, and poured forth her soul in prayer.

As she rose to her feet and stood erect in her little chamber, she felt resigned to her new life. Nothing now remained but to devote herself to its tranquil duties. Such

How little know we what is before us! Little thought Sister Dolores, as she rose from her attitude of prayer, that in five minutes afterward a passion would be reof that sacred cloister hideous in her sight, as though they were the surroundings of a open.

convict cell! She fancied she was dreaming, as a piece of white paper, folded in the form of a note, came swishing through the window, and fell at her feet on the floor.

It seemed but the continuance of a dream as she mechanically took it up, and, unfolding it, read what was written inside.

'YSABEL! You believe me dead. Would that it were so! After what I have this day seen—for I was present at the closing scene of the ceremony—death has now no terrors for me. Nay, it would be but a relief; and I shall seek, that end by whatever moral is hall seek, that end by whatever moral is half seek. The other two, who had unlocked the wicket, with what must have been its own black as a sloe; hair of a brilliant glossy me here a little while? I must be alone if and spoke.

The other two, who had unlocked the wicket, with what must have been its own black as a sloe; hair of a brilliant glossy me here a little while? I must be alone if and spoke.

means it can be soonest achieved. I pray that we may meet in another world; but, before leaving this, I ask of you one word a sign—to say that you still love me, as I you. I know how I have sinned, in leaving you as I did; but, oh, Ysabel if you knew how I have suffered, you could not but for-give me. And you will not deny me this last asking. It is no sin for you to grant it, since the love between us had no antagonism with that now bestowed upon your Savior. No, Ysabel! Whatever your spiritual adisers may tell you, the two are compatible; for our love was pure as that of the angels neak then loved and lost one-speak without fear! Be silent, and I go to my grave with the darkest sorrow that ever sat upon a broken heart.

Long before the new-made nun had finished the reading of this strange epistle, her trembling limbs refused to sustain her, and

she sunk upon the side of her couch. As she reached the conclusion, and the well-remembered autograph came under her eyes, the note fell from her hands, both becoming clasped over her breast, as if to prevent her heart from bursting forth!

For some time she sat thus, her heart's puick, heavy throbbings being the only sounds heard within the cloister. And after these had ceased to stay her breath, she repeated, in low, murmured words:

"Mother of God! He is still alive! And still loves me!"

Who could blame her for once more taking into her hands the precious sheet; once more reading what was written upon it, and then placing her lips in contact with the name sursigned? Not even the Virgin herself, who seemed out of her niche to look approvingly upon the act!

For the third time going over the glad words, as if to fix them forever in her memory, she saw something that caused her to start-giving her hope of still further gratification It was one little word, traced at the corner of the page, and in pencil: over.

She understood its signification, and quickly turned the leaf.

On the other side, written also in pencil, she read :

"SENORITA VALLEJO! You will remem ber me as the friend of Henry Clinton. am his bosom friend, and he has intrusted me with the delivery of this note. He who places it in your hands will be near to bring back an answer. If you but knew how he suffers who sent it, you would, I know, make that answer soothing. I am myself only what is called a man of the world. Still am I capable of sincere friendships. One of these embraces Henry Clinton and yourself. Armed with good intentions toward both, I approach you with a counsel, that I hope you will not hastily reject. You have been shut up in a convent, if not against your will, certainly by a mistake in the intention. It is not yet too late to rectify it; and if you do not, you will have the life of Henry Clinton to answer for. He cares or Henry Cinton to answer for. He cares not to live without you, for without you life to him would be worse than death. With you his happiness on earth would be complete. And say, would not also yours? For both your sakes, I have contrived a plan for your escape from this prison. From the yow you have taken it is still easier. It was made under a wisconception and God if made under a misconception; and God, if not man, will surely absolve you. Fear not, then, to follow my advice. Consent to save the life of your lover, and my friend. Say but the word, and the way will be made open and easy. He who writes to you holds in his hand the key of this convent.
"Jerome Van Vliet."

Never in her life was there so wild a struggle in the breast of Ysabel Vallejo. It was a strife between two loves having little affinity with each other-the love of God, and the love of man!

Had they been antagonistic, the former might have triumphed. They were not; and the latter gained ascendancy.

With trembling fingers, the new-made nun tore off the leaf written in pencil, and with a pencil of her own wrote on the only white space left:

" I consent." She stepped forward, and looked out through the little window. There was a man sauntering outside, whom she recognized as the gate-keeper of the convent. His eyes, glancing furtively toward her cloister, told why he was there, plain as

words could have spoken it. The twisted scrap fell upon the flags at his feet. She who tossed it through the bars did not wait to see whether he had taken it up. As he did so, she was upon her knees before the image of the Madonna, her heart full of conflicting emotions-a feeling of guilt and fear struggling against one of penitence and prayer!

Though the convent of Santa Catalina fronts on the public street, it has another entrance at the back, opening upon a wide space, embowered under a thick canopy of the most beautiful trees known to the vegewas the reflection that passed through her tation of the tropics. It is the convent garden-the only spot upon earth where the fair recluses are permitted to gaze upon the bright world of Nature-separated from that of busy life by a high wall running along the rear. Through this wall is a kindled within her breast, making the walls | wicket leading into the quiet back street, with a strong, iron-clasped door, rarely seen

> It was opened on the night of that day, on which Ysabel Vallejo assumed the black vail. So quietly and stealthily, however, that only three individuals saw it turn upon its hinges. One of these was seated upon the box of a carriage drawn up under the shadow of the street trees. Any one near enough to penetrate the obscurity that shrouded him might have seen that he was

key, were Henry Clinton and his friend, Jerome Van Vliet-though both were wrapped in cloaks, Havana fashion, and otherwise habited as Havaneros. They had just stepped out of the carriage, left in charge of the comisario.

It wants still some minutes of midnight; and once inside the garden they close the door silently behind them. Keeping within the shadow of the shrubbery they approach the back of the building, with as much stealth as if they were bent upon an errand of crime. They take no heed of the sweet strain of the mock-bird poured forth from the top of the royal paim; though it helps to conceal the noise of their own footsteps. They chafe at the clear tropic moonlight, while it guides them to the place they are seeking to reach.

This is the escalera—a stone stairway which continues the long corridor of the convent down into the garden.

They discover it at length; and take stand by the bottom step-still keeping under shadow, with eyes fixed upon the massive door at the stair-head. It is they have hopes to see it open, else they keeping of, as he termed her, "the angel would not have been there. They seem to in red." Never until now had he met a would not have been there. They seem to be awaiting a signal.

It is at length given by the heavy convent bell beginning to toll the hour of

Its first knell has silenced the song of the nightingale; but almost at the same instant their ears are saluted by a sound more welcome, if less melodious. It is a slight grating, heard as the heavy door is drawn inward on its hinges; and, then presenting itself in the moonlight appears a face encadred in black crape, but white, soft, and beautiful as might be the daughter of Luna herself.

Henry Clinton, recognizing the face of his beloved Ysabel, can scarce restrain himself from rushing up the steps and flinging his arms around her. He is held back by Van Vliet, who perceives the danger of such a rash act; and they wait for her to descend.

She glides down silently, but without fear. Nor is she terrified, when on reaching the last step, a cloaked form comes out from the shadow of the trees, with arms stretched forward to receive her.

knows they are the arms of her one and only lover.

But a whisper is exchanged between them-only the words "Henry-Ysabel." In another instant his clasp is around her, and he raises her from the ground with the strength of a tiger, but tenderly

kissing as he carries her away. The wicket is cleared and reclosed by the thoughtful Van Vliet; for a few seconds the wheels of a carriage are heard rattling along the street; the huge clock-bell has ceased its lugubrious tolling; and the mockbird is once more filling the convent garden with his sweet mimic song.

A boat is crossing the harbor of Havana toward a yacht anchored far out. It is about an hour after midnight; but before the moon, the yacht silently takes up its anchor. Then, with all sail set, it sweeps past the frowning walls of El Moro, and is seen standing toward the shores of a land, where no convent walls may keep Ysabel Vallejo from the joys of the world, nor it something to tell you." from beholding her beauty.

#### The Lover's Sacrifice.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

"And here we are at last, John," pant ed little Harry Evans, as he wiped the perspiration from his glowing, babyishlooking face.

The two young gentlemen had just passed through the crowd that blocked up the passage in front of the Horton mansion, a slight accident having occurred to one of the carriages being the principal cause of the gathering; the screams of the terrified lady bringing out the guests who had already arrived.

Then John Stephens and his friend entered the ball-room. The salon was large, and tween them. After a time the father's only comfortably filled, for a "jam" was ever avoided by Mrs. Horton, Our two friends were late, and were detained for a while from paying their respects to the hostess. After an exchange of compliments: "Come, Mr. Stephens, I have a treat for

you and Harry, here. I wish to give you an introduction to Miss Monroe, who is visiting me. It is her first appearance since her father's death, poor thing, and I could scarcely prevail upon her to come heart! replied the man; the girl did not down," and Mrs. Horton paused in front answer. She could not, for weeping; then of two ladies, one of them being her he said: daughter, with whom both the gentlemen were well acquainted.

The introduction over, Harry immediately engaged Miss Monroe in a lively conversation, leaving Stephens to entertain Miss Horton. While talking with her, he had an opportunity of noting the lady in whose praise Evans had been so enthusiastic; and

this is what he saw. A light, graceful form, robed in a fleecy dress of deep crimson. A face, irregular, if the features were considered separately but combined, the result was a strangely

blackness, worn rather short, curling and clustering around the sunny temples and neck, unconfined, save by a broad black velvet band, clasped in front with a glowing ruby gem. She was rather under medium size, but it rendered the picture perfect, at least in Stephens' estimation, who thought he had never met a more lovely, piquantly

so, woman than Agatha Monroe. His companion rallied him upon his evident infatuation, and with an effort he broke the spell that had crept over him, and claimed her, hand for the lanciers then forming. But during the dance his eyes would wander over to the window where sat Miss Monroe and his friend. She, too, had particularly noted the tall, handsome form, so soberly but elegantly dressed. Her eyes followed the stately figure, as her ears listened to the praises of him, given by Harry-who deemed John almost a lemigod—and was looking at him earnestly, when their gaze met. What was it that caused both faces to flush and their eyes to turn away? But so it was.

When John Stephens went home that closed; looks dark and forbidding; but | night he left his heart behind him in the woman that he could love; love with all his ardent, fiery nature. But now he loved, where he had scarcely spoken a dozen

He called the next day, and was introduced to Captain Howard Bayne, an English officer. John did not reason why, but he felt that he almost hated the handsome, polite Englishman, when the interview was over; and he left the house with a far heavier heart than when he entered it. There was a gentle kind of looking up to, and reliance upon the officer's opinion in Agatha's manner; while he treated her as though he had a claim upon her that allowed him the privilege. John tried to convince himself that there was something vulgar in the Englishman's manner, but without success, and he was forced to admit that Howard Bayne was a gentleman.

Spring had come at length, and, soon as the weather would permit, a series of picnics were planned under the supervision of the "incomparable Horton," as that lady was termed. About a dozen couple were selected for the first, and the day broke She does not shun the embrace; for she | clear and warm. The spot selected was a romantic one by the side of the Moreau, where a pleasant little valley was nestled among the tall rock-crowned hills.

We will not describe the picnic; it has been too often and well told for that; we have only to do with Agatha and John. They wander over the bill and down into a valley, a counterpart of the one they had just left. Agatha was plucking flowers, but John walked on in silence, a cloud upon his face. They paused upon the river-bank. The opposite shore was steep and precipitous, and the one they were upon the same, except one slender point of sand that sloped down to the water. At its further extremity a dingy skiff was lying. Far below them they could hear the faint roar of the falls, where the water plunged in one unbroken sheet down upon the the morning light has succeeded that of | jagged rocks that churned the water into a

loud of spray and mist. John stood for a minute by her side in silence; then, stooping, he took her hand

and said : "Agatha, let us sit down here. I have

Then his love found utterance in words; words so burning, thrilling, and so eloquent that Agatha cowered under them; her face pale, and a sad, wistful look in her eyes. At length he paused, and begged her an-

" John, I did not know this was coming, or I should have stopped it at any cost. I thought you only loved me as a sister, for I heard you tell aunt so. I pily you, but I can not be your wife. Perhaps had but, no, it is idle to think of what might have been !" she murmured, without looking at the bowed form that sat at her feet. 'John, my friend, let me tell you a little

"There was once an old silvery-haired man, who had one child, a daughter. He was an invalid, and his only joy was in this girl. He educated her himself, and the bond of love was strong and deep beillness increased, and he was lying very low, when his nephew came, the child of his dearest sister. The nephew stayed at the hall, and as he was kind and noblehearted, is it a wonder that he made a deep impression upon the simple maiden's heart! A change came at length, and the father knew that he must die. He called his child and nephew to his bedside, and asked if they loved one another. With all my

"' Howard, as you deal with her, may God deal with you. Be kind to her; she knows not the meaning of a harsh word. My child, he will be your only protector when I am gone. Promise me you will marry him.

John, what could I say? I loved my father, God alone knows how tenderly, and it seemed as though he was speaking from the grave. So I promised, and now Howard Bayne is my affianced husband.'

the powerful form trembled and quivered perished, a conversation, in a low, hushed

before I can meet that gay, happy crowd, yonder," and he strode away.

She watched him until his form disappeared among the forest trees. Then she walked down the little sandy strip, entering the skiff and sat down. It was wormeaten, the cracks wide and numerous, but she saw not them. Her feet rested upon a block of wood that lay in the bottom. A low cry broke from her lips as she bowed her head upon her knees. She did not know that the boat was slowly slipping from the sand-bar into deeper water. Her sobs drowned the little gurgle of water as it poured through the cracks and seams. She did not feel the motion as the boat slid from shore and began to float down-stream. The water, cold and death-like, slowly crept up the sides of the treacherous skiff, until it touched her feet. She revived with a start, and as the boat now rushed into the swift current, she realized her peril and shricked aloud, in her terror and he

"Oh, John, John, help ! Save me!" She is heard, and a tall form dashes madly down the bank and bounds far out into the stream, and then reaches the fastsinking boat. He climbs in at the stern, and grasping the paddle, drops his hat into Agatha's lap. She understands the motion and begins bailing out the water. He dips the paddle deep and strongly, and heads the boat toward the landing. Well he knows that there is not one spot but that, where a human person could get in shore; but the current is strong and very swift. Great beads of sweat stand upon his brow, and the muscles of his arm nearly burst the coat-sleeve. A cry from Agatha startles him, and he looks, only to see a stream of water, thick as his arm, spouting into the boat. He knows that all is in vain then, and tears off his coat, vest and boots; then he straps his suspenders tightly about his waist. The boat gives one hoarse gurgle, then a sullen plunge, and it has

gone forever! John grasps Agatha with one hand while the other places the paddle in her hand, then, with the other end grasped between his teeth, he strikes out for shore. The current is less swift there, and their fate would be delayed. Only delayed; for he well knew that a cat could scarcely scale the bank, that was unbroken to the falls. The water, too, was very deep at its foot, far beyond human reach. But there was one chance, and John knew that if his strength did not fail, that one life might be

preserved. He glanced back at Agatha, drawing her toward him by the paddle and securely knotting one end of her light shawl around her waist. Then they floated on until the point was reached, only a few hundred yards from the fall. The water set around this point with great power, throwing its main force toward the other shore. It was a terrible struggle, but then he gained the shrub that overhung the water, and to it tied the loose end of the shawl. He did not speak, but pressed a kiss upon her pallid lips and then floated away. The

bush would not support them both. "John, what do you mean? The bush will support two! Come back, John, or let me die with you! John, I love you! I love you!" she shrieked, as she beheld the form of her preserver floating onward to certain death.

She watched him with eager, longing eyes; she saw him raise his clasped hands,

heard the words: "God bless and save you, Agatha!" faintly came to her ears above the din of the cataract, and then he disappeared from her sight forever! She gave one low wail

and swooned. Agatha knew no more for weeks, until she awoke from the brain fever that had set in. They had found and rescued her after a long search; but the body of John Stephens was never recovered. Agatha told Howard Bayne all, and he offered to release her from her promise, but she knew how dearly he loved her, and they were

married. She respects her husband, but there is a niche in her heart, a place in her memory that he can never fill; that contains the form of the noble, true-hearted man who gave his life to preserve hers.

#### Cruiser Crusoe: LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST.

NUMBER FOURTEEN.

THE concussion would have knocked me off my bough, had not my back been to the trunk, while my feet were firmly im planted on another branch.

With eager baste I looked down. The wretched cannibal, who had been appointed to the office of executioner, lay flat on his face, while not one of the others had moved. They were still seated in a circle as if changed to stone. They appeared momentarily in expectation of being punished in the same way. Then one looked at the other eagerly, and each seeing that no harm had occurred, began to examine their own persons. 'As soon as they became persuad-A low groan was the only response, as ed that only the intended murderer had



tion of her head in my direction made me suspect this. But I kept as still as death, except that I cautiously and noiselessly loaded my gun. Then, to my amazement, the Fan Indians rose to their feet in a slow, quiet, humble way, and with many an obeisance and bow, approached the girl.

They halted several times, singing in a chanting and monotonous way, some deprecatory song, and casting fearful glances at the motionless dead body, for this man had died without a struggle. Then one or two of the number advanced and loosened the young girl, who appeared to take this treatment as a matter of course.

These savages have a great belief in witches and sorcerers, as a kind of medicinemen. They have no mercy upon the former, and whenever an apparently healthy person dies, are sure to search out the evildoers. The doctor, or sorcerer, is generally selected to nominate the guilty, which he no sooner does than the whole tribe is rapt in an indescribable fury and horrid thirst for human blood. No sooner are the wretched women, generally young and pretty ones, pointed out, than they are dragged down to a river, placed in a canoe, hacked to pieces, and cast into the river.

But not so the sorcerer. He is looked up to, feared and respected. No doubt, despite the fact that in this case it was a woman, the marvelous display of power on the part of one so young and fair, had gone far to convince the ignorant and savage can-Great Medicine.

They led her into the midst, quite free now from all shackles, their air being one of singular admiration and awe. She stood, evidently half-amused and half-frightened, but quite anxious I am sure to escape their clutches. But this was out of the question, as they were evidently resolved to treat her now with as much deference and respect as hitherto they had been cruel.

For myself nothing had been gained, but on the other hand, her dear life was safe, and that was worth any thing else. After awhile, not one having dared to touch or raise the body, they seemed to take counsel of her, but she shook her head and turned away with disgust. Had the wretches pro-

posed to eat him?

The savages, who were quite humbled now, bowed their assent, and when she made signs that they should return to the camp, readily obeyed. But they now walked slowly and gravely, with measured step, allowing her precedence, which she accepted in a very pretty and taking way. As soon as it was safe, I slid from the tree, and though the wear and tear of the last three days had nearly exhausted my physical energies, made after them again.

They were now evidently thoughtful. These twenty warriors had seen the effect and heard the report of my gun-but how were they to explain the matter to their fellows? Probably they were familiar enough with words that expressed such meanings as thunder, lightning and thunderbolts, but what credit could they expect to obtain from those to whom they asserted that such was the agency which had been miraculous-

oyed to save her? Besides, there were the deaths of two warriors to account for, and should any of the party have seen me, their suspicions would be aroused, and my supernatural character would not stand the least examination. Savages may be duped to a certain extent, but their natural cunning and intelligence soon comes to their assistance. My appearance and costume must soon have opened their eyes.

Soon the savages, belind whom I kept at a safe and cautious distance, came within sight of their camp, and up rose the whole of the rest of the party to meet them. They were struck dumb with mingled astonishment and rage, when they saw the girl walking freely in the midst of the others, and some even poised their spears and felt for their arrows, preparatory to executing summary vengeance on the runaway. But the returning warriors gravely interfered, and began an explanation of what had happened.

Young and old, warriors and chiefs, had been crowding round the girl with terrible and menacing looks when the narrative began. One of the warriors spoke energetically and loudly. Some of the listeners shook their heads with an incredulous smile, and I could see that two parties were forming, one in favor of the girl, the other against her, in which case the matter would finally be settled by an appeal to arms.

I again, in my impetuous way, had forced myself up as near the camp as I dared, screening myself behind bushes, The Indians had their backs turned to me. On a bough of a tree above where she stood, sat an old vulture watching the scene. Evidently the savages had been feasting, and this unclean beast was waiting to clear up the offal and other remains of their meal.

Keeping my eyes steadily for a moment on the whole group, and taking exactly the right opportunity, I fired, and shot the bird, which fell at the feet of the young girl, The whole terrified and affrighted group at once fell upon their knees, and the triumph of the girl was complete.

The savages, however, were not blind to their own interests, nor were they inclined to part with one whose power was so great. Little did I imagine the use they would require her to put it to. After some hasty refreshments of meat and what Lafterward found to be palm wine, the whole body started in an easterly direction. It was clear that she made a faint resistance. But their awe still continued, it did not make them any the less taskmasters or tyrants.

Again the greater part of them availed themselves of certain logs of wood, of a to make their way up the river. It was clear that this was done for the sake of the wood itself partly, and then to avoid the jungle and forests on its banks. I was utmost vigilance, especially while the banks were composed of the usual mangrove swamps. Then the bank became higher and clearer, until it spread out into a kind of lake with very low marshy banks and no wood. As far as the eye could reach, the country was composed of vast fields of reeds and other water weeds, while there was scarcely any current, and the water was turbid and unpleasant to the smell.

Here the savages halted so suddenly, that I had scarcely time to bob down into the water and conceal myself behind a log, to escape detection.

sparkle in the gloom, the mosquito to buzz and bite, and the thousand and one mysterious noises of the shore and water to rise on all sides. There was a faint crepuscular light, such as in the tropics is apt immediately to succeed day, during which the landscape assumes an aspect of most enchanting but somewhat cold beauty. The gray, nibals that they were in the power of a hard, granite sky, the turbid water, the waving reeds, and here and there a stunted tree. made up a landscape of wild and mysterious

> quainted with this river, selected a narrow water, for their camp, and proceeded to erect some sort of hut for the girl, whom I eyes into the gloom. She was doubtless looking for me, and hoping yet that I might save her from a degrading slavery, which would probably end in her being sent to a Plantations.

aid in her escape, but how it was to be case, he went direct at the island. brought about, it was more difficult than me like some queens and kings of savage My hand shook convulsively, as I caught nations, which are petted up and kept in up my gun, leaped into the water, took aim

Communicate with her I could not, withmy middle in thick, muddy water, while a log that had floated and then become fixed,

formed a breastwork. The log, or snag, as such impediments to navigation are technically called, was indeed a miserable place to pass a night on. But there was no help for it. On every pitched their tents, I could see nothing but most abhorrent aversion.

Crawling on to the log, which, in its water, I lay at full length, hiding my gun, lest a flash of the coming moonbeams might betray me. In this position, as my eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, I could see the negroes were busy at some preparation, but for some time I could not tell what it meant. Then some men began wading into the water in my direction, with great harpoons in their hands, and I knew that they were going to harpoon the crocodiles, the flesh of which all these coarse and powerful races much admire. My heart beat wildly. I was not more than thirty yards from the sandbank on which they were encamped, so that, did they make a move close to my log, I must be discovered.

I had two pistols and my gun, so determined, if it came to a tussle, to make a dash for the bank, firing right and left, and thus inducing the savages to flee, while I gained possession of the Indian girl. The savages moved slowly, some with lances, others with harpoons. Then came a whizzing sound, and a prodigious fellow began kicking and plunging to gain deep water, where he would have been inevitably lost.

But the negroes were too much for him. and after a few final kicks it was drawn ashore, dead. A loud shout proclaimed their success, after which, in a very few minutes, a bright blaze, ascending to the heavens, indicated that they were about to have a feast. Never, anywhere, on land or sea, had I witnessed a more picturesque grouping than that of those black savages in the midst of that watery plain.

The moment the fire blazed up, all the surrounding landscape fell into a darkness that resembled ebony, except that I, at a distance from the fire, could see glimpses of light on the edge of the horizon, as if the moon were sending forth harbingers of its arrival. Then, for a space of some twenty yards or so, the atmosphere glowed with a ruddy and lurid glare, just as the smoke and flame got the mastery. By the warm and not unwelcome blaze-fire is always a companion—the figures of the halfnaked savages looked gigantic, while she, who only occasionally appeared, looked a form of fairy-like proportions alongside their huge painted bodies.

Presently several of the savages started this they would not listen to, for though up. I was very nearly doing the same, for close to me I heard a snorting and splashing. My good genius, however, enabled me to lie still, for I at once knew that I was in the very midst of a herd of hippopotami, nature peculiarly fitted for canoe-building, phaving before heard their snort-like roars breaking the still night-air. I peered round and found that they were to windward of me, standing on the shallows, and looking like so many old weather-beaten logs, compelled to keep them in sight, to use my stranded on a sandbar. Very little more could be seen save their ugly noses. I lay myself with a clutched and cocked pistol in my hand, for the savages were up, and evidently prepared for sport, though it was almost impossible for them ever to catch these animals, even in pitfalls.

It is a most clumsily-built, unwieldy animal, remarkable chiefly for its enormous head, and disproportionately short legs. Its feet are constructed so as to facilitate their walking among the reeds and mud, as well as for swimming. The hoof is divided into four short, apparently clumsy and unconnected toes, by means of which they walk It was now night. The fire-fly began to rapidly, even on mud. They have huge, crooked tusks, with which to hook up the long river grasses. They go in droves in places where their bodies are submerged, and yet they can touch the ground. Their food is entirely vegetable.

Presently the negroes came down to the water's edge, just as a sudden groan was heard close to me, and peering into the halflight, I saw, dimly, a huge animal, looking doubly monstrous in the uncertain light. Some fifty negroes now advanced, brandishing their spears, and when they were close The negroes, who probably were ac- enough, actually throwing them at the beast, which, except that it annoyed him, slip of land, not above a foot out of the | felt no more than I should the prick of a

But he was irritated, and, suddenly putcould see walking about and casting her ting out his great speed, he flew at the negroes in a savage and angry way, which boded no good. With loud and hideous yells, the savages fled, for they knew the danger; this animal, when savage, often barracoon and transferred to the Western killing his persecutors. His bulk causes neither rocks, nor bushes, nor swamps, to Now, my wish was nothing more than to be any impediment to him, so that, in this

Then I saw her stand alone, after every ever to say. The Fans were fully aware negro had disappeared, hiding in the water, that she would escape if she could, so kept or lying down, or skulking somewhere in a strict watch over her. She appeared to front of the fire, right in the brute's way. splendid palaces, but never allowed to come at the ear of the huge brute, and fired. forth in the light of day or see the blessed | With a hoarse groan, or, rather, grunt, it stood still, and then fell down dead.

I stooped low, but still in a position to out showing myself to the savages. At | see all. She had not moved. There she least, such was my fear and dread at the was, with clasped hands and upraised eyes. moment. Where I had halted in my mad | perfectly certain-it must be so-who had pursuit of the poor girl, I was about up to saved her. So completely had the negroes vanished, that my impulse was to make a push for her. Luckily, the resolution was

not carried out, for in another moment heads peered up on all sides, until, perceiving the hippopotamus motionless, they ventured to approach it.

side but that on which the negroes had to know no bounds, as probably they never as you and Puss think I have." had seen any killed, save some little thing reeds and water—the abode, to a certainty, with a harpoon, though some of the savages of crocodiles, of which animals I had a do kill them by means of great, heavy wonder that the negroes should be anxious highest part, was not a foot out of the to capture them, as the meat, though coarse-grained, and not fat, does not taste unlike beef, and is to the hunter a most welcome and wholesome dish.

> But the way in which the negroes danced, capered, and yet, every now and then, glanced round with awe and terror, was perfectly ludicrous. They did not actually know whether to give way to joy or sorrow; while every now and then they would turn and worship the Indian girl in the most absurd manner, clasping their hands, kneeling, and offering her tit-bits. But at length pleasure carried the day, and, setting to work, they skinned their rare prize, and

> I, all the while, lay ahungered and athirst on a log, not daring to move, scarcely even venturing to breathe

## Skipping Fawn;

The Indian Lover's Stratagem.

BY LEWIS GARDNER.

WHERE'S Puss, Sophia?" It was a cheery voice that asked the question. Its owner, a hale, elderly man, had just come out and seated himself beside the door opposite his wife, who was engaged on some light sewing. A pleasant scene was before them. The clearing, extending with gentle slope toward the west, a deep forest stretching away toward the right, and the slanting sunbeams casting a variegated light through the leafy branches as they fell, with mellow radiance, across the floor of the backwoods piazza.

" Carrie? She has gone to the knoll to see if she can discover any thing of her brother. Isn't it about time he were back from the mill, husband?

" I suppose so, unless he found the bridge gone we fixed a while ago. That may be the case, for we hadn't time to make it as strong as we calculated, and the late rains must have made the creek a rushing torrent."

Why, then he ought to have been back before now, hadn't he?" "No; I suppose if he found our bridge gone he would go three miles further up, to try Whalon's. I hardly think that would give way." "Then he won't be back till dark, per-

haps later?" Probably not, but you aren't going to feel uneasy about our infant, are you'

And Humphrey Whiteside's cheery voice broke into a laugh as he asked the question-a laugh that was full of assurance and pride. For the "infant" referred to was an only son, a young man of nineteen, five feet eleven in his stockings, agile as a cat, and brave as a lion.

Good reason had the father to be proud of such a son, for he was all a father's heart could desire. "And the same may be said of his family-wife, son, and daughter. The crash of 1837 had found Humphrey Whiteside, the once prosperous merchant, a ruined man in the city of St. Louis. Out of the wreck of his fortune a few hundred dollars were saved, and with this, at the instigation of his wife and children, he had removed "West," and commenced the life of a settler. The prospect of speedy independence, and a natural love of the new and romantic in the bosom of his family, had been the ruling motives that induced the step. And never had he regretted it, for, assisted by the willing spirits and hands of those dear to him, his hopes had been more than realized. The region in which he had settled was among the best along the frontier, and though yet sparsely inhabited, bade fair to become in time the nucleus for a thriving town or city. All things considered then, Humphrey Whiteside had reason to feel contented, and the pride with which he referred to his "infant" was not a false one.

" N-no; not uneasy, only I was thinking that Carrie-'

"Ah-ha, the jade!" said Mr. Whiteside, catching at the name, and speaking in a tone of pleasantry. "Gone to look for her brother George, eh? Just as though she hadn't been expecting some one else, this Saturday afternoon—the jade!"

"We mustn't envy her the society one of her age naturally desires, husband," replied Mrs. Whiteside, with assnmed gravity. And then, you know, the new settler, Mr. Whalon, has, besides his wife and son, two charming, intelligent girls."

'Tut-hear the woman talk! I see: you and Puss are in collusion. Talk of the charming Whalon girls—just as though their big brother, Eli, was out of the ques-

"Well, husband," said his wife, quietly. "Don't 'well' me, Sophia. I s'pose that chap will be for taking our Puss away from us some day, and then-but I won't have it !"

"Have what, Humphrey?" "Oh, how cool you keep over it," he answered, as he noticed the twinkle in her eye. "But, no one shall take Puss away yet, anyhow!"

"Has any one asked to do it?" "No; but I'm well enough convinced that some one is going to ask. Oh, I Their astonishment and delight seemed haven't been so blind during the past year "Well, what have you against El

Whalon ?"

"Nothing, of course; you know I haveweights attached to cords in trees. It is no n't. He's a noble chap-about equal to our George. But, he ain't a-going to have Puss in a good two years yet. But, society -why, yes, of course! There'll be enough of it in a few years. Setting that aside, I believe we're as well off certainly as though we had staid in the city and tried to recover

our lost wealth-eh, wife?" "Far better, husband," she replied, with animation. "We have recovered lost health, which is, I think, of far more im-

"True, Sophia. I begin to feel more truly independent than I ever did before in my life. See what we've brought about in these four years! Five hundred acres of land taken up, a good nice section of it cleared, the old log-cabin we first lived in torn down and its place occupied by this cozy frame dwelling; a good log-barn and pen to shelter the young cattle growing up -no chauce of being ruined by fall of stocks,' or 'decline in the dry-goods mar-

ket '--- why, Sophia, we're rich!' And the old gentleman, who had been taking several turns across his backwoods piazza in front of his wife, again seated himself, his face aglow with joy and contentment.

You have accomplished wonders-you and George-in these three years," said the fond matron, with a beaming smile.

"Hear that now," he answered, with mock pettishness. "Just as though you yourself and Puss hadn't done your share as well."

"Oh, I didn't suppose you meant to ignore us, of course. This frontier life has done much for all of us and for none more than for Carrie."

"And now at the early age of seventeen to think of, much less to have a lover—the jade! "There is only one drawback to our pros-

pects, Humphrey! The smile upon the face of Mrs. Whiteside died as she spoke and an expression of anxiety took its place.

"What-what's that, wife? Now don't spoil the picture I've drawn, if you can help

"I don't wish to, Humphrey. But we may as well talk of it. You know what I mean. The friendly Greek-Straight Oak! It has troubled me some lately!" A grave look appeared for a moment on

the face of her husband. But it quickly vanished as he replied : 100 months a rising young

chief in his tribe—has shown a liking for Puss? Ha! ha! Why, Sophia, just look at his antecedents and prestige so conningly made known to us. Don't you think ought to feel flattered?" and again that cheery laugh rung out. Humphrey!"

The half-reproachful look and tone of motherly anxiety, checked the husband's

levity at once.
"Well, really, Sophia, I think there's no cause for anxiety on the score of Straight Oak. I know he has more than once given proad hints of how much he admires Skip ping Pawn,' as he calls our Puss. But he's ow of too much sense to suppose he could ever get her for a wife. Pshaw! the idea must be too preposterous to him in spite of his Indian conceits. Besides, I took good are to return his hints on that subject with

"But he still keeps coming around here-was here this forenoon." was all all off "That's nothing strange. He always finds good cheer, and Puss herself is just full nough of the old Dickens to flirt with him.

The michievous jade!" and the michievous jade!" I've talked to her about noticing him too much, and she's been cautious lately. But somehow I don't like Straight Oak's looks." You needn't be afraid, though. I'l don't

think he's capable of any thing desperate."
"Dear me, what could we do if he should?" and the anxious mother gave a slight shudder. "We're in a beautiful country, husband, but I sometimes wish we'd been content with a poor region or a less promising location where there is more of a population. We've not more than twenty neighbors in a circuit of a dozen miles, and if the Indiana should become hostile and break the treaty! "I don't believe they've forgot, or will be likely to forget, their lessons of the past," he said... "This region will soon be bought up and occupied. Meantime there's the fort with a good garrison not fifteen miles away, to keen down any riging among the century. to keep down any rising among the scattering tribe. But—hello!"

"She vowed and declared she w'u'd be mine, She said that she loved me best of any, But oh, the fickle, faithless queen, She's ta'en the Carl an' left her Johnie."

A rich, clear voice, whose bird-like notes echoed sweetly between forest and dwelling, chirruped the above refrain, and next moment the "Puss" already mentioned came around the angle of the house, whirling herself to a seat on the piazza floor, at the feet of her mother. Dark, hazel eyes, beaming with spirit and intelligence; a beautifully rounded form, tall and graceful, while an arch expression on the lovely health-flushed face attested the existence of that "mischief' of which her father had spoken.

"Oh yes—yes," he said before she was fairly seated, "'She vowed and declared'—exactly; but why didn't you change the gender a trifle and sing 'He vowed' and all that! Now own up, Miss Puss, that you've been looking more for him than for your prother?"

"Looking for him!" exclaimed the young "Why, Pa Whiteside, how you talk! I don't expect him twice a day, do I? No, indeed! Mr. Straight Oak paid his gallant devoirs only this forenoon and has too much sense to visit me again so soon. Skipping Fawn has spoken!

Nothing could exceed the droll gravity of Carrie as she sat erect, and pronounced these last words with due Indian dignity, waving her right hand as she spoke and dropping her light hat to the floor beside

"Take that—oh, you vixen!" cried the old gentleman, as he flirted his large bandana toward her, which she adroitly dodged. Pretend not to understand me, will you? Just as though you hadn't got those long black tresses tied up with a ribbon expect-

Haven't I told you I didn't expect him?" quickly interrupted the young lady, with an assumed pettishness, which the lively twinkle in her eyes contradicted. "But, if Straight Oak should happen to come this way, why -you know, pa, the gentleman admires red. and I surely ought to pay some deference to his taste—hadn't-I, ma?"

Thus appealed to, Mrs. Whiteside, suppressing the merriment she herself caught from her husband and daughter, replied, earnestly:

Your father and I have just been talking about the Indian, Carrie. This pleasantry does no harm, but let me warn you again, child, to be very careful in your conduct toward Straight Oak. He might take a

'For my 'skulp,' as the settlers say; gracious! I wonder, now, if it wouldn't be a stroke' of policy to cut off my hair, so that it shan't tempt him?" and the perverse girl put up her hand to her black, glossy tresses, glancing with assumed anxiety from mother

Mrs. Whiteside was not proof against the contagion of her husband's laugh, as, with another "whisp" toward the "Puss," he

"Yes, it would, it would, you vixen, for when that long, lank, backwoods lover of yours, Eli Whalon, comes again, I shall tell nim of your flirting-

"What, Eli—that great booby?"
"I shall tell him, I say, of your flirting, and give him permission either to pull every out of your head or challenge Straight Now, which would you prefer, jade?" "A backwoods duel! Oh, jockey, glorious! Wouldn't that be fun! Yes, set them at it by all means—the noble red man, and the noble, more noble, most noble bor-derer! What a magnificent sight it will be -two noble knights of different races fighting in 'dead array' for their alady love? Let this 'joust' be just outside the 'castle gates, senor,' and you, my lady mother, can't you give me something to crown the successful one? A piece of red flamel, if A piece of red flamel, if Straight Oak should prove victor—that's his fancy, you know; and if Eli should conquer

"Carrie! Child, hush—some one is appreaching and the footsteps sound—ah!" She suddenly ceased speaking, as a dark shadow lengthened athwart the space in front, and the next moment a tall Indian emerged from the left and stood gravely be-

-well, let me see: ah, that's it-a volume

fore them. It was Straight Oak himself! to The trio were startled for a moment at his unexpected appearance, and the look of vague uneasiness which quickly appeared and then vanished from the face of Humphrey Whiteside, lingered longer on that of his wife. Straight Oak was indeed a noble looking Indian, and, though near nightfall, they saw he was attired as though for a long



## journey. As he came near he paused, lean-

journey. As he came near he paused, leaning lightly on a short spear, and glancing from Carrie to her father.

"My brother, Straight Oak, is accountered for a journey," said Mr. Whiteside, pleasantly. "Does he start at night, or is he only on his return?"

"Now going now, yeary soon," replied the

"No; going now—very soon," replied the Indian, gravely. "But he would ask a question of Cheerheart fore go. Then say whether ever come back. Straight Oak has long looked upon the Skipping Fawn! When he goes forth she is always before his eyes. When he sleeps she is always in his dreams. His heart always beats quicker at thoughts of her and it beats quick all time. For her he would be willing to renounce his tribe, his Manitou, and only worship hers. He would build cabin, clear land, and be as her people. Straight Oak has spoken and you have heard his words!"

Here was a deserting on which they had

Here was a declaration on which they had not calculated; and mother and daughter glanced at Mr. Whiteside with anxious looks.

The latter, however, did not hesitate.

"We shall always be glad to receive
Straight Oak as a brother," he said, firmly.

"He is always welcome here. But the Skipping Fawn has looked upon the face of one of her own race, and her heart has gone with the look. She would never consent to wed any other besides one of her own race, be-cause she could not be happy. Straight Oak is a noted brave, bold, fearless and comely. Many an anxious maiden of his own race is waiting to become his squaw. Let him seek for a wife among them. This must be

my answer."
"And the ears of Straight Oak have been open," responded the Indian, sadly. "I would do any thing for her," glancing toward the averted face of the maiden. "But you have spoken, and no more can Straight Oak say. Far away, amid the dangers of the hunt and warstrail he will forget his sorrow."

war-trail, he will forget his sorrow!"
"It ought not to give you sorrow to leave what is not fitted for you, Straight Oak," added the old man. "You will be far happier mated to one of your own peo-

Straight Oak answered not a word, but turning with Indian abruptness, he stalked away, and before the trio had hardly recovered from their surprise he had entered the

forest, "Why, father!" exclaimed Carrie, "is it

'Ah, ha! Puss, what d'ye think now about Father, mother, do you think he medi-

tates any evil toward us—me?"

The half hour's conversation that followed was, it is needless to say, of a more serious character than heretofore. But Mr.

Whiteside succeeded in reassuring his wife and daughter. "The fellow is really love-sick—or thinks he is," said the old gentleman. "It will probably end in his going out of the region

for awhile, having a glorious drunk if he can obtain the liquor, and perhaps getting knock-ed on the head in some wild brawl. But The twilight was being succeeded by the

gloom of evening, and a young Indian lad, who had been seldom seen in the neighborhood, but who was nevertheless known to belong to a camp of reds a few miles away, flitted around the corner of the house.

"Ah, ha, boy, what do you want?" inquired Mr. Whiteside, as he rose and turned toward him.
"Mink Eye got fall in water—hurt, much

had!" said the lad, in broken English. "Me heard cry—him holler when see me, an' say, come help 'im!"

"It's George, father—"
"Go quick, Humphrey!" interrupted the friehtened mother

frightened mother.

But the latter had already started up, and

learning where his son had met with the accident, rushed to the barn, brought out the remaining horse mounted and rode

He had been gone ten minutes when Carrie spoke to her mother, who stood anxiousher on the knoll looking off through the gloom.

Go in, dear mother; this night-air is too chilly for you. I will watch for awhile and they'll soon be back." Oh, Carrie, I can not remain there alone

with my anxiety. How far will your father have to go?" "It's not over two miles; but stay, I'll go for a thicker shawl for you, and we'll both

She darted back, passed around to the front, and quickly procuring the shawl hurried out. At that moment a dark, athletic figure sprung toward her, her head was en-veloped in the shawl as if by magic, and she felt herself raised bodily, and carried away with fleet steps, unable to utter a cry or a

The maiden felt a terrible fear, but did not lose her presence of mind. Well she knew who held her. She realized that she was rapidly borne toward the woods, and that Straight Oak had plotted the whole affair, calculating to bear her forcibly away, risking

all consequences of the act. She knew when they entered the woods, and feigned to be unconscious from excessive fright. The Indian lifted her upon his horse, but in the act of springing upon the animal's back, behind her, somewhat relaxed his grasp, and with sudden desperate strength the maiden sprung from her position, and succeeded in uttering two or three shrieks.

Just as we thought; quick, George-Mr. Whiteside—the cursed rascal shan't escape! The words came in ringing, excited tones, accompanied by a rush of feet, and then a pistol cracked close by, mingled with a wo-

man's frenzied shriek.

Carrie Whiteside heard the commotion and just extricated herself from the shaw in time to see Straight Oak dart away on his horse, as another—a rifle-report, broke on the air. And the next moment found her in the arms of Eli Whalon, her father and brother standing by, and her mother rushing up with outstretched arms

The red devil!" muttered Eli. "Did you hit 'im, George?' 'At the worst he's only wounded. He'll

The party were soon at the house, where every thing was explained. Evidently the Indian lad had been bribed by Straight Oak, for he was not seen again. Some of the tribe to which Straight Oak belonged, susspecting his intention and jealous of his preference for a "white squaw," had hinted the matter in a way that reached the ears of the Whalon family. And Eli, anxious for his afflanced, was coming on with her brothmeeting the alarmed father in time to head off Straight Oak. The latter never visited the region again, as his tribe soon moved on" to a new reservation. Carrie were soon after married, but the latter never forgot her Indian lover's stratagem.

## Camp-Fire Yarns.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

#### Zeb Stump's Stratagem. A TOUGH YARN OF AN OLD TEXAN HUNTER.

Among the many odd characters of the old-hunter type with whom I have come in contact, I can remember none more deserving to be called "queer," than Zebulon Stump—or "old Zeb Stump," as he was better known among his hunter confreres.

I have been all my life fond of listening to tales of adventure, in which wild animals played a part; and, whenever opportunity occurred, have solicited the telling of them. In my note-book I find more of these tales accredited to Zeb Stump than to any other man; and perhaps no other man ever met by me was capable, from his own experience, of relating so many

I will not answer for their being all strictly true; though despite his "queerness," Zeb had a reputation for veracity, and the worst ever alleged against him was a little exaggeration. The truth is, that he enjoyed the college of an edventurers take as much the telling of an adventurous tale, as much as his hearers did the listening to it; and he could scarce have excelled as a story-teller, without dealing in a little embellishment.

One day we were turkey-hunting together

in the Mississippi bottom, not far from his own domicil, which was simply the cavity of a hollow tree. We had enjoyed a fore-noon of tolerably fair sport; and, seated upon a log, well shadowed by the overtopping cottonwoods, were recruiting our strength with a "pone" of corn-bread and a "hunk" of boiled bacon, that Zeb, ever provident on such occasions, had drawn forth from his wallet.

After satisfying the inner man, I had offered him a cigar, which he declined on the excuse, that he "allers purfarred a pipe." He made no objection, however, in joining me in a stomachic, which I was wont to take along with me on these excursions, in the shape of a flask of old cognac brandy. Although unaccustomed to this peculiar spirit, Zeb pronounced it good; better'n any "corn" he'd ever tasted.

After a second pull at the "pewter," I observed that it produced a pleasant effect upon him; and, seeing him in this cheerful mood, I determined on drawing from him a story—some adventure with wild animals, feline

o' timmer to be see'd anywhar within miles o' the place. In this fence I spied a gate, jest the same as the rest o' the incloseyur, only I knew it by a pair o' posts risin' a lee-

tle higher up than the fence itself.

"Torst this gate I decreckted my steps.

"Thar warn't a human in sight, eyther outside the fence or inside o' it. But I knew it war the slaughterin' place. I ked tell thet afore I'd got 'ithin helf a mile o' it, by the

stink o' the skins.
"I foun' the gate upon the letch. a double one; so openin' one helf I stept in-side, an' looked 'bout me.
"I kedn't see a critter o' any kind. Thar

wa'n't the show o' livin' thing neyther 'bout the yard nor unner the shed, which last war open all roun'. It war cl'ar that the inclose-

yur war desarted.

"'Zeb Stump,' sez I to myself, 'ye've hed y'ur long walk for nuthin', an' under a durned sweaty sun too. It air cl'ar thar's nobody 'bout these diggins, neyther man nor anymal, so you may turn roun' an' track back to "But jest as I'd made this reflexshun, a

sown reeched my ears thet tolt me I war unner a mistake; an' at the same time I spied four ugly varmints, the like o' which I'd niver see'd afore, tho' from what I'd heern o' 'em I knowed to be English bulldogs.
"They 'peared comin' right out o' the

shed, an' war makin' straight torst me, thar teeth stickin' outside thar lips, an' thar eyes glitterin' from four as ugly faces as ever war

sot upon the head o' canyne.
"They didn't come on in anythin' o' a run; but crouchin' wi' than bellies flattened out along the groun', jest like a painter steal-in' on a turkey or a deer. F'r all thet thar war no mistakin' thar intenshun. It war plain enuf by the glint o' thar eyes, an' thar

angry growlin'. tried coaxin', same as you'd do wi' other dogs. It wa'n't no use; they only growled angrier; an' thinkin' to skeer them off, I grupped up some donicks an' begun flingin' 'em right in thar teeth.

"It war the foolichest thing I ked 'a' done; for the first stone that fell among 'em set 'em stark mad; an' afore I ked throw a second, the hul four war aroun' me 'ithin bitin' reech

'I hedn't a thing in my hands; for not expectin' to scare up any game, I'd kim away from the town 'ithout fetchin' my rifle along wi' me. That war a green trick, anyway, an' I war niver caught in the same fix

critters, an' everythin' else thet air British besides—the way I did cuss 'em mout 'a' started old Dave Crockett's ghost out o' its grave, which wa'n't so very fur away.

made things wuss; for the four varmints below, as ef they knew thet I war ag'in' them an' thar country, only growled the louder, an' snatched thar teeth all the angrier.

"I war as angry as them, an' at thet par-teekler minute, I'd 'a' gi'n a hul yur o' my life to 'a' hed holt o' my rifle, or even a good-sized knife. But it wa'n't no use. I hedn't weepun o' any kind. I war as helpless as a

babe o' the woods.

"My persishun too war durned unkomfortable. The head o' the pump wa'n't flat, but hewed off to a sherpish top, on which I hed skimp room for my starn. I kedn't 'a' stood it nohow, but for the pump-handle on which my feet foun' a sort o' a supportin'

"What war to be done? For the life o' me I kedn't think. The only hope I hed war, thet as it war gettin' on torst sundown some o' the people belongin' to the slaughter-yard mout be comin' back for the night. "But then thar wa'n't no appearance o' a

sleepin' place, an' they moutn't.

"The thought o' bein' beeseeged thar all night wa'n't to be tollyrated. I kedn't 'a' stood it ef I tried. An' ef I should drop off o' my perch, eyther through bein' sleepy or tired out, it ked only be inter the teeth o' them British bull-dogs.

"Talk o' the Munroe doctryne. Ef ever man believed in't this chile did at thet hour. I'd 'a' gone in for cl'arin' every Eurowpian off the soil o' this contynent, an' thar dogs along wi' 'em.

"I got so riled at last that I didn't know how I shed stan' it any longer. I'd most made up my mind to jump down among the dogs an' take my chance o' a skrimmage wi' the hul four, tho' no doubt they'd 'a' tore me

"What purvented me air preehaps the most kewrous thing in the hul story. Ill stake lurge, young fellur, ye can't guess it, nor how this chile at last got cl'ar o' thet

"I haven't the slightest idea." "I haven't the slightest idea."

"Wal, lissen, an' I'll tell ye. Afore leavin'
Massissippi I'd heerd they war greatly
troubled wi' rats at the port o' Galveston,
same as on the wharfs o' Natcheez an' Noo
Orleens. Now that chanced to be a fellur I
know'd, as hed invented a pizen for killin' 'em. It war a sort o' compursishun the var-mints war mad to eet; an' soon as they

Oh, 'tis an awful night to sleep, Indeed it can't be beat, And on my bed I roll and toss, Half-smothered with the heat,
And vainly trying to compose?
My weary mind to rest,
By quoting poetry and prose,
And thinking of the Bleet.

ON THE ROAD TO SLEEP.

RY JOE JOT, JR.

And by and by above my head
(Alas to dreams of freedom)
Three pecks of wild musketoes sing
The battle-cry of Bleed 'em;
But I will stand the shock awhile,

And struggle like a man,
And make some blood fly from my foes,
And feathers, if I can.

With both arms swaying like a sledge, My anger to declare,
I make my savage combatants Turn summersaults in air; But they outflank me on the left, And charge me in the face— I make a dash by force of arms, And wipe out the disgrace.

But ah! I nearly broke my arm In trying to knock one down, And there! I knocked another clean The other side of sundown.
Yet quick they come to time again,
Unmindful of reverses, Their ranks are straightway filled, Fast as my hand disperses.

It's little use to fight, and so, To make the battle over,
I'll just retreat in splendid style,
And get me under cover. Now here I lie beside my arms, And press a soldier's pillow, And safely rest from war's alarms, And the musketo's bill-oh!

#### Beat Time's Notes.

#### MY BOY.

My father's children were all smart. Smartness is our family failing, and is also about the only fault our neighbors could find with us, and you may believe they did a good deal of hunting around for other faults. My wife's husband is especially smart; but my modesty forbids me mentioning it, and

my modesty forbids me mentioning it, and modesty is one of the family's household goddesses and is very much respected.

I have a boy who is excessively bright, but I am not foolish enough to say so myself, and no one ever hinted to my face that he was not smart. His name is B. Hinde Time; I would have named him Washington, or Jackson, or somebody else, but I think a child with any of those big names stands a small chance of becoming great in turn, on the same principle that a cannon-ball never the same principle that a cannon-ball never this twice in the same place. I will give you the first letter he ever wrote, and which illustrates all that I have said or can say:

New Yourk. April-fool 7teenth, 8teen hundred and 7tv. Dear Bill

I havent saw you since you left and would like to know if you are sick or well abed. I am glad to say I am, though lately dad licked me like a postage stamp, you see he cotched me chawing tobacker and he says says he "Young man walk down in this yer cellar; fatherly feeling prompts me to forgive you but outraged duty demands satisfaction and I feel like giving it." Well dad's a bigger feller nor I are and I thought Pd better go though I knew it would be a one-sided fight.

He took me by the hand and touched me one on the back that I felt clean through my clothes, then I told him I would never do so any more again, Ah says he My Boy these licks dont hurt you half so bad as they hurt me to give them, but I did not think that was adzactly so. Then he let into me worse n'ever and I held my breath a purpose and let on as if I had fainted and loose all at wonct and hung in his hand like as if I was about gone and dad got scared and shook me and threw the cowhide and called me and I away away the cownide and called me and I didnt let on a bit for I knowed I had fixed him that pop sure and then he picked me up and cried and said if I'd come to I could have all the tobacker I wanted but I didnt and then he got mad and swored if I didnt wake up he'd lick me like blazes and I did and I haven't got licked but once since. I got a new pair of boots and a bad cold since you left. I've learned to smoke, Mike O'Brien and me gits our cigars ready made and half-smoked and they're good ones too, and none of your four for a cent a handfull ones; Mike and me we runs off from school

and no body dont know a word about it.

Dear Bill the calf's dead and dad's out west. Mam says she's glad he's gone—I mean the calf. She says if the Ingenes sculp him, that's dad, she hopes they'll send us a lock of his hair but dad aint got no hair Dear Bill this is all, no more at present.

B Hinde Time.

How different some children are from an-There's my friend Jones, he has more children than any thing else; he has seven of them, and if they live to grow up they will be self-made men and women because they have wills of their own and mind no-

I sometimes go there for old acquaintance sake, and by the time I get seated the children take charge of my new plug hat, and one hat between seven children stands no show at all, and of course is obliged to ease; and as Mrs. Jones tries to get three of the children's feet out which are fast in the hat she rebukes them severely with: "Now, dear hildren, if I ever catch you doing so again I shall whip you as long as I can find you!" Then, one of them throws what remains of the hat to me, and while I am trying to reduce it into somewhat straitened circumstances, two or three boys come up and be-

way so hard that, if the coat don't split up, it is not its fault. The father remarks, "What wonderful spirits the darlings are in, to-Then I hastily leave with trouble on my mind and chalk marks all over my back, thanking my stars that my boy is not like the rest of children, and that he has a father as

is a father.

gin kicking me on the shins, while the bal-ance get hold of my coat-tails and pulleither

I DON'T blame any man for getting lazy. It is constitutional in warm weather. have not a lazy bone in my body, (I can't say so much about my muscles,) but I be-lieve I could rest half of my time with a great deal of ease, and not to put too fine a point on it, I could stand it if the time was

BEAT TIME.



SKIPPING FAWN; OR, THE INDIAN LOVER'S STRATAGEM.

or ursine-of which I knew the old hunter to have his share. Deftly setting my trap I soon had him into

"Ye may talk 'bout y'ur b'ars," began he,
"an' y'ur painters, an' other wild beests bein' dang'rous, an' so they ur, unner sartin sarkimstances, ez this chile hez reezun to know. But I war onc't in a scrape wi' s anymal as air konsidered tame, not more'n sixt' part the size o' eyther b'ar or painter. An' when I say a scrape, I mean a ugly 'un preehaps the ugliest ever chenced to this hyar chile, an' he hev fit both b'ar an' painer, to say nuthin' o' wownded buck, which air sometimes wuss than both.

A tame animal?" "A tame anymal; an' not much larger

than a tomcat at thet. "I can't think of what animal you mean."
"Wait, young fellur, an' you'll hear all bout the critter I'm speakin' o'."

The old hunter had the knack of telling a story, in such a way as to bring out its points

in their proper places. Knowing this, I consented to be silent.

"Twar bout three yeer ago, on my first trip to Texas. I went to see how thet new country 'ud shoot me; an' it did, for I intend goin' back thar putty soon. Wal, I landed on the island o' Galveston, an' from thar I went up Buffalo bayou, to the town of Hews-

'Thar war a fellur at Hewston who'd gone out from Tennersee. I used to know him when we war young 'uns thegither; an' in coorse I wanted to find him. They tolt me he wa'n't in the town, but out at a place bout three miles off, on the puraira, whar thar wur a esteblishment kep' by an Eng-glishman, for the killin' o' cattle. My ole chum hed some sort o' a post unner this Britisher to which the slaughterin' yard be-

I started off in search o' the place, goin' afut; for I wa'n't rich enuf to purvide me wi' a beest, tho' I ked 'a' bought one o' the best for a ten-dollar bill. Niver mind 'bout thet. I rud upon shank's mare, which I allers purfars anyhow; 'spiecially when a-huntin'. Hosses skeers the game.

"It war 'bout twelve o' the clock when I reeched the cattle-killin' esteblishment. Thar wa'n't no house, nor the show o' anythin' like one-'ceptin' a sort o' kivered shed. whar they stowed away the hides o' the cat tle they killed; for it war them an' not the meat thet the bizness war carried on for. All roun' the shed run a fence made out o' posts set on thar eends, thet I reck'n they must 's hauled a good ways; for thar wa'n't a stick

I kedn't think o' what I shed do. I'd anger'd the dogs past any hope o' pleasin' 'em; an' from what I'd heerd o' the nater o' them anymals, an' what I then see'd for myself, I var sartin they intended t'arin' me to

'I looked roun' to see ef thar war any chance to git out o' thar way. I'd got 'bout helf' crost the incloseyur, when they fust kim rushin' torst me. Thar wa'n't nuthin' in sight, 'ceptin' a pump thet stud right in the middle o' the yurd. But it war one o' the tallest kind, and I see'd at a glimp it war my only hope for salvashun.

"Gruppin' holt of the handle, I speeled up; an' afore any of the ugly brutes ked git thar ugly teeth on me, I war out o' thar "I wa'n't so far out o't as to feel safe; the

anymals kep' springin' up an' tryin' to grup my legs, the which I hed to draw up unner me, arter the fashion of a tailyor. When they hed goed on wi' thar jumpin' an' yowlin' for 'bout helf-an-hour they gun to git tired themselves; an' at last seein' they kedn't reech me, they gin that

"I hed hopes they'd go 'bout thar bizness and gi'e me a chance o' gittin' out o' the yurd. But I soon see'd they hed no notion o' doin' so. Thar bizness war to pur-tect the place ag'in' thieves an' interlopers, an' they hed tuk me for eyther one or t'other. If any o' 'em did stray away for a bit the others kep' guard roun' the pump; an' whenever I showed sign o' slippin' down, they'd spring forrard an' start up a fresh

they'd spring forrard an' start up a fresh spell of barkin', grinnin' an' growlin'. "I war in the wust o' fixes, an' I know'd it. Hed it been a painter, or even a b'ar thar mout 'a' been some chence o' escapin' arter a tussle; but I'd heerd a deal 'bout them English bull-dogs, an' thet whenever they gits a grup they don't let go ag'in till they've tuk the piece out. They looked jest like it, as they showed thar ugly teeth all roun' me. Ef thar hed been only one o' 'em I mout 'a' tried fight wi' my naked hands, an' choked the anymal till deth. But wi' four o' the varmints, the thing war plainly

"Thar war no help for't but stay whar I war; an' so I squatted down on the summic

"An' thar I sot for six mortyal hours, wi' the four bull-dogs growlin' an' grinnin' un-nerneath, an' at the eend o' thet time show-

in' no sign o' thar intenshun to leave off!
"An' the way I cussed British bull-dogs an' British brutes as wud own sech cruel

"In coorse I war helpless; an' for a spell | swallered it, over they coflumixed, jest as ef kedn't think o' what I shed do. I'd an- they'd been shot dead. It war in Natcheez I met the fellur, an' he knowin' I war on my way to Galveston, gin me a kupple o' cakes o' his pizen stuff, askin' me to make a trial o' it on the rats o' Texas.
"Jest by chance I hed them two cakes in

> the idee came inter my head to try it on the bull-dogs. It wa'n't unlike biskit-bread, an' maybe they mout take on to it as the rats "Pullin' one o' the cakes out o' my pocket I broke it inter crumbs. Then pretendin to become friendly wi' the brutes below, I throwed the pieces down right afore thar

my coat-pocket, an' as I sot upon the pump

"They jumped at 'em, same as the fellur said the rats 'ud do, an' in less than three minnits arterward the four bull-dogs war sprawlin' over the groun' an' frothin' at the mouth, as ef they'd goed suddenly mad.

"An' in less than ten more, they war lyin' on thar sides, streetched out to their full spread, an' dead as bucks-every dog o Thar wa'n't no need for me keepin' any

longer parched on the pump, an' in coorse l descended.

"I'd hardly got to the groun', when I see'd a big fellur ride in through the gate, an' up to the place whar I war stannin'. It wa'n't my old Tennersee playmate; but from his looks an' the way he kim swaggerin' on I ked tell it war the owner o' the slaughter yurd. By his red face an' the turned-up pug a snout, any one ked tell he war a born Britisher; an' durn me, ef his picter war so fur diff'rent from the anymals as wur lyin' dead unner the spout o' the pump.

"The minnit he sot eves on them, an' got idee o' what hed happened, he jumped off ' his hoss, an' kim at me as fierce as any o' his dogs hed done.

"Thar he made the biggest mistake he'd ever made in his life. What wi' the trouble I'd hed wi' the dogs, an' his imperence as he squarred at me, the Munroe docktryne got riz in me, a'most to bu'stin': an' in less'n ten minnits I made the Britisher squeal out

"I left him bleedin' at the nose, wi' a pair o' eyes, each hevin' a black ring roun' it. like the squinters o' a coon. He'd reezun ter be thankful I didn't leeve both o' 'em hang n' on his cheeks; but arter his cryin' enu war contented to let him alone; an his dead dogs another kick, to saterfy my spite at 'em, I clurred out o' his stinkin' yurd, an' tuck the back track for Hews-